



The mysterious interview in Hyde Park.

AURIOL

OR

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

BY

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were sheeted with ice, and dangerous to horsemen and vehicles; but the footways were firm and pleasant to the tread.

Here and there, a fire was lighted in the streets, round which ragged urchins and mendicants were collected, roasting fragments of meat stuck upon iron prongs; or quaffing deep draughts of mead and ale, out of leatheren cups. Crowds were collected in the open places, watching the wonders in the heavens, and drawing anguries from them, chiefly sinister, for most of the beholders thought the signs portended the speedy death of the queen, and the advent of a new monarch from the north—a safe and easy interpretation, considering the advanced age and declining health of the illustrious Elizabeth, together with the known appointment of her successor, James of Scotland.

Notwithstanding the early habits of the times, few persons had retired to rest, an universal wish prevailing among the citizens to see the new year in, and welcome the century accompanying it. Lights glimmered in most windows revealing the holly-sprigs and laurel-leaves stuck thickly in their diamond panes; while, whenever a door was opened, a ruddy gleam burst across the street; and a glance inside the dwelling showed its inmates either gathered round the glowing hearth, occupied in mirthful sports—fox-i'-sh'-hole, blind-man's-buff, or shoe-the-mare—or seated at the simple board groaning with Christmas cheer.

Music and singing were heard at every corner, and bands of comely damsels, escorted by their sweethearts, went from house to house, bearing huge brown bowls dressed

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with ribands and rosemary, and filled with a drink called "lamb's-wool," composed of sturdy ale, sweetened with sugar, spiced with nutmeg, and having toasts and burnt crabs floating within it,—a draught from which seldom brought its pretty bearers less than a groat, and occasionally a more valuable coin.

Such was the vigil of the year Sixteen Hundred.

On this night, and at the tenth hour, a man of striking and venerable appearance was seen to emerge upon a small wooden balcony, projecting from a bay-window near the top of a picturesque structure situated at the southern extremity of London-bridge.

The old man's beard and hair were as white as snow—the former descending almost to his girdle; so were the thick overhanging brows that shaded his still piercing eyes. His forehead was high, bald, and ploughed by innumerable wrinkles. His countenance, despite its death-like paleness, had a noble and majestic cast, and his figure, though worn to the bone by a life of the severest study, and bent by the weight of years, must have been once lofty and commanding. His dress consisted of a doublet and hose of sad-coloured cloth, over which he wore a loose gown of black silk. His head was covered by a square black cap, from beneath which his silver locks strayed over his shoulders.

Known by the name of Doctor Lamb, and addicted to alchemical and philosophical pursuits, this venerable personage was esteemed by the vulgar as little better than a wizard. Strange tales were reported and believed of him.

Amongst others, it was said that he possessed a familiar, because he chanced to employ a deformed, crack-brained dwarf, who assisted him in his operations, and whom he appropriately enough denominated Flapdragon.

Doctor Lamb's gaze was fixed intently upon the heavens, and he seemed to be noting the position of the moon with reference to some particular star.

After remaining in this posture for a few minutes, he was about to retire, when a loud crash arrested him, and he turned to see whence it proceeded.

Immediately before him stood the Southwark Gateways—a square stone building, with a round, embattled turret at each corner, and a flat, leaden roof, planted with a forest of poles, fifteen or sixteen feet high, garnished with human heads. To his surprise, the doctor perceived that two of these poles had just been overthrown by a tall man, who was in the act of stripping them of their grisly burdens.

Having accomplished his object, the mysterious plunderer thrust his spoil into a leathern bag with which he was provided, tied its mouth, and was about to take his departure by means of a rope-ladder attached to the battlements, when his retreat was suddenly cut off by the gatekeeper, armed with a halberd, and bearing a lantern, who issued from a door opening upon the leads.

The baffled marauder looked round, and remarking the open window at which Doctor Lamb was stationed, hurled the sack and its contents through it. He then tried to gain the ladder, but was intercepted by the gatekeeper, who dealt him a severe blow on the head with his halberd.

The plunderer uttered a loud cry, and attempted to draw his sword; but before he could do so, he received a thrust in the side from his opponent. He then fell, and the gatekeeper would have repeated the blow, if the doctor had not called to him to desist.

"Do not kill him, good Baldred," he cried. "The attempt may not be so criminal as it appears. Doubtless, the mutilated remains which the poor wretch has attempted to carry off, are those of his kindred, and horror at their exposure must have led him to commit the offence."

"It may be, doctor," replied Baldred; "and if so I shall be sorry I have hurt him. But I am responsible for the safe custody of these traitorous relics, and it is as much as my own head is worth to permit their removal."

"I know it," replied Doctor Lamb; "and you are fully justified in what you have done. It may throw some light upon the matter, to know whose miserable remains have been disturbed."

"They were the heads of two rank papists," replied Baldred, "who were decapitated on Tower Hill, on Saint Nicholas's day, three weeks ago, for conspiring against the queen."

"But their names?" demanded the doctor. "How were they called?"

"They were father and son," replied Baldred;—"Sir Simon Darcy and Master Reginald Darcy. Perchance they were known to your worship?"

"Too well—too well I!" replied Doctor Lamb, in a voice of emotion, that startled his hearer. "They were near

kinsmen of mine own. What is he like who has made this strange attempt?"

"Of a verity, a fair youth," replied Baldred, holding down the lantern. "Heaven grant I have not wounded him to the death! No, his heart still beats. Ha! here are his tablets," he added, taking a small book from his doublet; "these may give the information you seek. You were right in your conjecture, doctor. The name herein inscribed is the same as that borne by the others—Auriol Darcy."

"I see it all," cried Lamb. "It was a pious and praiseworthy deed. Bring the unfortunate youth to my dwelling, Baldred, and you shall be well rewarded. Use despatch, I pray you."

As the gatekeeper essayed to comply, the wounded man groaned deeply, as if in great pain.

"Fling me the weapon with which you smote him," cried Doctor Lamb, in accents of commiseration, "and I will anoint it with the powder of sympathy. His ~~gash~~ will be speedily abated."

"I know your worship can accomplish wonders," cried Baldred, throwing the halberd into the balcony. "I will do my part as gently as I can."

And as the alchemist took up the weapon, and disappeared through the window, the gatekeeper lifted the wounded man by the shoulders, and conveyed him down a narrow winding staircase to a lower chamber. Though he proceeded carefully, the sufferer was put to excruciating pain; and when Baldred placed him on a wooden bench, and held

a lamp towards him, he perceived that his features were darkened and distorted.

"I fear it's all over with him," murmured the gatekeeper; "I shall have a dead body to take to Doctor Lamb. It would be a charity to knock him on the head, rather than let him suffer thus. The doctor passes for a cutting man, but if he can cure this poor youth without seeing him, by the help of his sympathetic ointment, I shall begin to believe, what some folks avouch, that he has relations with the devil."

While Baldred was ruminating in this manner, a sudden and extraordinary change took place in the sufferer. As if by magic, the contraction of the muscles subsided; the features assumed a wholesome hue, and the respiration was no longer laborious. Baldred stared as if a miracle had been wrought.

Now that the countenance of the youth had regained its original expression, the gatekeeper could not help being struck by its extreme beauty. The face was a perfect oval, with regular and delicate features. A short silken moustache covered the upper lip, which was short and plump, and a pointed beard terminated the chin. The hair was black, glossy, and cut short, so as to disclose a highly intellectual expanse of brow.

The youth's figure was slight, but admirably proportioned. His attire consisted of a black satin doublet, slashed with white, hose of black silk, and a short velvet mantle. His eyes were still closed, and it was difficult to say what effect they might give to the face when they lighted it up; bat

notwithstanding its beauty, it was impossible not to admit that a strange, sinister, and almost demoniacal expression pervaded the countenance.

All at once, and with as much suddenness as his cure had been effected, the young man started, uttering a piercing cry, and placed his hand to his side.

"Caitiff!" he cried, fixing his blazing eyes on the gate-keeper, "why do you torture me thus? Finish me at once—Oh!"

And overcome by anguish, he sank back again.

"I have not touched you, sir," replied Baldred. "I brought you here to succour you. You will be easier anon. Doctor Lamb must have wiped the halberd," he added to himself.

Another sudden change. The pain fled from the sufferer's countenance, and he became easy as before.

"What have you done to me?" he asked, with a look of gratitude; "the torture of my wound has suddenly ceased, and I feel as if a balm had been dropped into it. Let me remain in this state if you have any pity—despatch me, for my late agony was almost insupportable."

"You are cared for by one who has greater skill than any chirurgeon in London," replied Baldred. "If I can manage to transport you to his lodgings, he will speedily heal your wounds."

"Do not delay, then," replied Auriol, faintly; "for though I am free from pain, I feel that my life is ebbing fast away."

"Press this handkerchief to your side, and lean on me,"

said Baldred. "Doctor Lamb's dwelling is but a step from the gateway—in fact, the first house on the bridge. By the way, the doctor declares he is your kinsman."

"It is the first I ever heard of him," replied Auriol, faintly; "but take me to him quickly, or it will be too late."

In another moment they were at the doctor's door. Baldred tapped against it, and the summons was instantly answered by a diminutive personage, clad in a jerkin of coarse grey serge, and having a leathern apron tied round his waist. This was Flapdragon.

Blur-eyed, smoke-begrimed, lantern-jawed, the poor dwarf seemed as if his whole life had been spent over the furnace. And so, in fact, it had been. He had become little better than a pair of human bellows. In his hand he held the halberd with which Auriol had been wounded.

"So you have been playing the leech, Flapdragon, eh?" cried Baldred.

"Ay, marry have I," replied the dwarf, with a wild grin, and displaying a wolfish set of teeth. "My master ordered me to smear the halberd with the sympathetic ointment. I obeyed him; rubbed the steel point, first on one side, then on the other; next wiped it; and then smeared it again."

"Whereby you put the patient to exquisite pain," replied Baldred; "but help me to transport him to the laboratory."

"I know not if the doctor will care to be disturbed," said Flapdragon. "He is busily engaged on a grand operation."

"I will take the risk on myself," said Baldred. "The

youth will die if he remains here. See, he has fainted already!"

Thus urged, the dwarf laid down the halberd, and between the two, Auriol was speedily conveyed up a wide oaken staircase to the laboratory. Doctor Lamb was plying the bellows at the furnace, on which a large alembic was placed, and he was so engrossed by his task, that he scarcely noticed the entrance of the others.

"Place the youth on the ground, and rear his head against the chair," he cried, hastily, to the dwarf. "Bathe his brows with the decoction in that crucible. I will attend to him anon. Come to me on the morrow, Baldred, and I will repay thee for thy trouble. I am busy now."

"These reliques, doctor," cried the gatekeeper, glancing at the bag, which was lying on the ground, and from which a bald head protruded—"I ought to take them back with me."

"Heed them not—they will be safe in my keeping," cried Doctor Lamb, impatiently; "to-morrow—~~to~~—tomorrow."

Casting a furtive glance round the laboratory, and shrugging his shoulders, Baldred departed; and Flapdragon having bathed the sufferer's temples with the decoction, in obedience to his master's injunctions, turned to inquire what he should do next.

"Begone!" cried the doctor, so fiercely that the dwarf darted out of the room, clapping the door after him.

Doctor Lamb then applied himself to his task with renewed ardour, and in a few seconds became wholly insensible of the presence of a stranger.

Revived by the stimulant, Auriol presently opened his eyes, and gazing round the room, thought he must be dreaming, so strange and fantastical did all appear. The floor was covered with the implements used by the adept—bolt-heads, crucibles, eucorbites, and retorts, scattered about without any attempt at arrangement. In one corner was a large terrestrial sphere; near it was an astrolabe; and near that a heap of disused glass vessels. On the other side, lay a black, mysterious-looking book, fastened with brazen clasps. Around it, were a ram's horn, a pair of forceps, a roll of parchment, a pestle and mortar, and a large plate of copper, graven with the mysterious symbols of the Isaical table. Near this was the leatheren bag containing the two decapitated heads, one of which had burst forth. On a table, at the farther end of the room, stood a large open volume, with parchment leaves, covered with cabalistical characters, referring to the names of spirits. Near it were two parchment scrolls, written in letters, respectively denominated by the Chaldaean sages, "the Malachim," and "the Passing of the River." One of these scrolls was kept in its place by a skull. An ancient and grotesque-looking brass lamp, with two snake-headed burners, lighted the room. From the ceiling depended a huge scaly sea-monster, with outspread fins, open jaws, garnished with tremendous teeth, and great goggling eyes. Near it hung a celestial sphere. The chimney-piece, which was curiously carved, and projected far into the room, was laden with various impiemens of Hermetic science. Above it were hung dried bats and fitter-mice, interspersed with the skulls of birds

and apes. Attached to the chimney-piece was a horary, sculptured in stone, near which hung a large star-fish. The fireplace was occupied by the furnace, on which, as has been stated, was placed an alembic, communicating by means of a long serpentine pipe with a receiver. Within the room were two skeletons, one of which, placed behind a curtain in the deep embrasure of the window, where its polished bones glistened in the white moonlight, had a horrible effect. The other enjoyed more comfortable quarters near the chimney, its fleshless feet dangling down in the smoke arising from the furnace.

Doctor Lamb, meanwhile, steadily pursued his task, though he ever and anon paused, to fling certain roots and drugs upon the charcoal. As he did this, various-coloured flames broke forth—now blue, now green, now blood-red.

Tinged by these fires, the different objects in the chamber seemed to take other forms, and to become instinct with animation. The gourd-shaped cucurbites were transformed into great bloated toads bursting with venom; the long-necked boit-heads became monstrous serpents; the worm-like pipes turned into adders; the alembics looked like plumed helmets; the characters on the Isaical table, and those on the parchments, seemed traced in fire, and to be ever changing; the sea-monster bellowed and roared, and, flapping his fins, tried to burst from his hook; the skeletons wagged their jaws, and raised their fleshless fingers in mockery, while blue lights burnt in their eyeless sockets; the bellows became a prodigious bat fanning the fire with

its wings; and the old alchemist assumed the appearance of the arch-fiend presiding over a witches' sabbath.

Auriol's brain reeled, and he pressed his hand to his eyes, to exclude these phantasms from his sight. But even thus they pursued him; and he imagined he could hear the infernal riot going on around him.

Suddenly, he was roused by a loud joyful cry, and, uncovering his eyes, he beheld Doctor Lamb pouring the contents of the matrass—a bright, transparent liquid—into a small phial. Having carefully secured the bottle with a glass stopper, the old man held it towards the light, and gazed at it with rapture.

"At length," he exclaimed aloud—"at length, the great work is achieved. With the birth of the century now expiring I first saw light, and the draught I hold in my hand shall enable me to see the opening of centuries and centuries to come. Composed of the lunar stones, the solar stones, and the mercurial stones—prepared according to the instructions of the Rabbi Ben Lucca,—namely, by the separation of the pure from the impure, the volatilisation of the fixed, and the fixing of the volatile; this elixir shall renew my youth, like that of the eagle, and give me length of days greater than any patriarch ever enjoyed."

While thus speaking, he held up the sparkling liquid, and gazed at it like a Persian worshipping the sun.

"To live for ever!" he cried, after a pause—"to escape the jaws of death just when they are opening to devour me!—to be free from all accidents!—'tis a glorious

thought! Ha! I bethink me, the rabbi said there was one peril against which the elixir could not guard me—one vulnerable point, by which, like the heel of Achilles, death might reach me! What is it?—where can it lie?"

And he relapsed into deep thought.

"This uncertainty will poison all my happiness," he continued; "I shall live in constant dread, as of an invisible enemy. But no matter! Perpetual life!—perpetual youth!—what more need be desired?"

"What more, indeed!" cried Auriol.

"Ha!" exclaimed the doctor, suddenly recollecting the wounded man, and concealing the phial beneath his gown.

"Your caution is vain, doctor," said Auriol. "I have heard what you have uttered. You fancy you have discovered the elixir vitae."

"Fancy I have discovered it!" cried Doctor Lamb. "The matter is past all doubt. I am the possessor of the wondrous secret, which the greatest philosophers of all ages have sought to discover—the miraculous preservative of the body against death."

"The man who brought me hither told me you were my kinsman," said Auriol. "Is it so?"

"It is," replied the doctor, "and you shall now learn the connexion that subsists between us. Look at that ghastly relic," he added, pointing to the head protruding from the bag, "that was once my son Simon. His son's head is within the sack—your father's head—so that four generations are brought together."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the young man, raising

himself on his elbow. "You, then, are my great-grandson. My father supposed you had died in his infancy. An old tale runs in the family that you were charged with sorcery, and fled to avoid the stake."

"It is true that I fled, and took the name I bear at present," replied the old man, "but I need scarcely say that the charge brought against me was false. I have devoted myself to abstrusest science; have held communion with the stars; and have wrested the most hidden secrets from Nature—but that is all. Two crimes alone have stained my soul, but both, I trust, have been expiated by remorse."

"Were they deeds of blood?" asked Auriol.

"One was so," replied Darcy, with a shudder. "It was a cowardly and treacherous deed, aggravated by the basest ingratitude. Listen, and you shall hear how it chanced. A Roman rabbi, named Ben Lucca, skilled in Hermetic science, came to this city. His fame reached me, and I sought him out, offering myself as his disciple. For months, I remained with him in his laboratory—working at the furnace, and poring over mystic lore. One night, he showed me that volume, and, pointing to a page within it, said: 'Those characters contain the secret of confecting the elixir of life. I will now explain them to you, and afterwards we will proceed to the operation.' With this, he unfolded the mystery; but he bade me observe, that the menstruum was defective on one point. Wherefore, he said, 'there will still be peril from some hidden cause.' Oh, with what greediness I drank in his words! How I gazed

at the mystic characters, as he explained their import! What visions floated before me of perpetual youth and enjoyment. At that moment a demon whispered in my ear, —' This secret must be thine own. No one else must possess it.' "

" Ha!" exclaimed Auriol, starting.

" The evil thought was no sooner conceived than acted upon," pursued Darcy. " Instantly drawing my poniard, I plunged it to the rabbi's heart. But mark what followed. His blood fell upon the book, and obliterated the characters; nor could I by any effort of memory recal the composition of the elixir."

" When did you regain the secret?" asked Auriol, curiously.

" To-night," replied Darcy—" within this hour. For nigh fifty years, after that fatal night I have been making fruitless experiments. A film of blood has obscured my mental sight. I have proceeded by calcination, solution, putrefaction—have produced the oils which will fix crude mercury, and convert all bodies into *sol* and *luna*; but I have ever failed in fermenting the stone into the true elixir. To-night, it came into my head to wash the blood-stained page containing the secret with a subtle liquid. I did so; and doubting the efficacy of the experiment, left it to work, while I went forth to breathe the air at my window. My eyes were cast upwards, and I was struck with the malignant aspect of my star. How to reconcile this with the good fortune which has just befallen me, I know not—but so it was. At this juncture, your rash, but pious attempt

occurred. Having discovered our relationship, and enjoined the gatekeeper to bring you hither, I returned to my old laboratory. On glancing towards the mystic volume, what was my surprise to see the page free from blood!"

Auriol uttered a slight exclamation, and gazed at the book with superstitious awe.

" The sight was so surprising, that I dropped the sack I had brought with me," pursued Darcy. " Fearful of again losing the secret, I nerve'd myself to the task, and placing fuel on the fire, dismissed my attendant with brief injunctions relative to you. I then set to work. How I have succeeded, you perceive. I hold in my hand the treasure I have so long sought—so eagerly coveted. The whole-world's wealth should not purchase it from me."

Auriol gazed earnestly at his aged relative, but he said nothing.

" In a few moments I shall be as full of vigour and activity as yourself," continued Darcy. " We shall be no longer the great-grandsire and his descendant, but friends—companions—equals,—equals in age, strength, activity, beauty, fortune—for youth is fortune—ha! ha! Methinks I am already young again!"

" You spoke of two crimes with which your conscience was burdened," remarked Auriol. " You have mentioned but one."

" The other was not so foul as that I have described," replied Darcy, in an altered tone, " inasmuch as it was unintentional, and occasioned by no base motive. My wife, your ancestress, was a most lovely woman, and so passion-

stely was I enamoured of her, that I tried by every art to heighten and preserve her beauty. I fed her upon the flesh of capons, nourished with vipers; caused her to steep her lovely limbs in baths distilled from roses and violets; and had recourse to the most potent cosmetics. At last I prepared a draught from poisons—yes, poisons—the effect of which I imagined would be wondrous. She drank it, and expired horribly disfigured. Conceive my despair at beholding the fair image of my idolatry destroyed—defaced by my hand. In my frenzy I should have laid violent hands upon myself, if I had not been restrained. Love may again rule my heart—beauty may again dazzle my eyes, but I shall never more feel the passion I entertained for my lost Amice—never more behold charms equal to hers."

And he pressed his hand to his face.

"The mistake you then committed should serve as a warning," said Auriol. "What if it be poison you have now concocted? Try a few drops of it on some animal."

"No—no; it is the true elixir," replied Darcy. "Not a drop must be wasted. You will witness its effect anon. Like the snake, I shall cast my slough, and come forth younger than I was at twenty."

"Meantime, I beseech you to render me some assistance," groaned Auriol, "or, while you are preparing for immortality, I shall expire before your eyes."

"Be not afraid," replied Darcy; "you shall take no harm. I will care for you presently; and I understand

leechcraft so well, that I will answer for your speedy and perfect recovery."

"Drink, then, to it!" cried Auriol.

"I know not what stays my hand," said the old man, raising the phial; "but now that immortality is in my reach, I dare not grasp it."

"Give me the potion, then," cried Auriol.

"Not for worlds," rejoined Darcy, hugging the phial to his breast. "No; I will be young again—rich—happy. I will go forth into the world—I will bask in the smiles of beauty—I will feast, revel, sing—life shall be one perpetual round of enjoyment. Now for the trial—ha!" and, as he raised the potion towards his lips, a sudden pang shot across his heart. "What is this?" he cried, staggering. "Can death assail me when I am just about to enter upon perpetual life? Help me, good grandson! Place the phial to my lips. Pour its contents down my throat—quick! quick!"

"I am too weak to stir," groaned Auriol. "You have delayed it too long."

"Oh, Heavens! we shall both perish," shrieked Darcy, vainly endeavouring to raise his palsied arm,—"perish with the blissful shore in view."

And he sank backwards, and would have fallen to the ground if he had not caught at the terrestrial sphere for support.

"Help me—help me!" he screamed, fixing a glance of unutterable anguish on his relative.

"It is worth the struggle," cried Arvid. And, by a great effort, he raised himself, and staggered towards the old man.

"Save—I—saved!" shrieked Dancy. "Put it down my throat. An instant and all will be well."

"Thank you. I have done this for you!" cried Arvid, clutching the poison. "Good-bye."

And, supporting himself against the furnace, he placed the phial to his lips, and rapidly forced its contents.

The old man seemed paralysed by the action, his eyes half closed, his mouth open, the words all he had drunk still clinging to the last drop. He then uttered a groaning cry, threw up his arms, and fell heavily backward.

Died—died!

Flashes of light passed before Arthur's eyes, and strange noises smote his ears. For a moment he was horrified at what was, and thought not long thereafter like a madman. Every object rolled and turned around him. The glass vessels and iron stanchions that held him together, yet remained balanced; the furnace, breaking forth flames and sulphuric vapours; the loud roar of the blast-furnace, red hot, and now all blent with molten lead; the pipe of the hot lead ran blood; the sphere of the sun rolled along the floor, and descended from the wall as it impelled by a great hand; the shadowed ground and galleries, so far one death—long on the pillow, as did the dead in their sleep; the chimney; the numerous sulphur-birds that had alighted on the walls; the pale, unquench'd heat spread its rays, and

fast them, with a strong grip, on the young man, while the dead alchemist slept his undisturbed slumber.

Unable to bear those accumulated horrors, Arthur became, for a short space, insensible. On recovering, he said: "The lights follow the sun and expand; but the bright sunlight, streaming through the window, tell me the rigid features of the unfortunate master, and on the catastrophic character of the scene which should have

ended to test the effect of the draught. Arthur put his hand to his side. All traces of the usual heat gone, nor did he experience the slightest pain by his other part or in body. On the contrary, he seemed endowed with supernatural strength. His great coat with engine, and unloosed to expose his joy in active service.

Striding over the body in his rapid ardour, he cast up the window. As he did so, a powerful gust from the surrounding elements, unloosening the springs of the new year.

While leaping to his chamber, Arthur quenched the pyre and fire, every city exploded out amid the air, and buried in the smoke.

"A hundred years hence," he thought, "and many thousand of the thousands within our houses will believe unto myself. A hundred years after that, and their children's children will be gone to the grave. But I shan't be dead—shall live through all changes—will never—will live. What prodigious I shall then have around, if I could dare to shew me them?"

As he continued down the skeleton baulky road the sun shone up the wind, and its long fingers came in contact with his cloak. A sound like was suggested by the enterprise.

"There is no path to be avoided" in thought; "and danger is what is art." Presently it will work as much of it as may cover else. I will be gone." This place. Does you?"

With this, no left the baulkery, and hastily mounting the horse, at the foot of which he stood (Peglegus), passed out of the house.

Book the First.—ECHO.

I

THE GREAT HORN IN THE KARROO PLATEAU.

LATE one night, in the spring of 1888, we were lured from a hot, clammy abode, palisaded near M'Naek, and shaped their course, apparently in the direction of Vryheid-bridge. Along the baulky over the river, they moved steadily along the further side of the road, where the open ground offered them no cover whatsoever, a mere rock or coarse shrub being their sole protection. So far as it could be discerned by the gleam of the moon, which occasionally glared forth from a rack of heavy clouds, the appearance of those passengers was not need for such fear. Haggard however, swayed drowsy with the fatigues of crime and debauchery; these, however great benefits of several days' travel, had, although built of iron, caused such that general debauchery, while worn and ragged victims, always without voice, and ill-hale without means, constituted the sum of their appear-

One of them was tall and gaunt, with large hands and feet; but despite his meagreness, he evidently possessed great strength; the other was considerably shorter, but broad-shouldered, long-legged, long-armed, and altogether a more formidable fellow. This fellow had high cheek-bones, a long aquiline nose, and a coarse mouth and chin, in which the animal greatly predominated. He had a shabby red coat, with sandy hair, white spots and speckles. The countenance of the other was dark and meagre, and covered with patches, the result of habitual intoxication. His eyes had a fuming and malignant look. A bulldog-like spotted wolf barked, and then across the lawn, contrasted strongly with his matted black hair, and increased his general appearance of ferocity. The massive fellow entered a bullet upon his shoulder, and his companion remarked something 'beneath the breast of the gun,' which otherwise proved to be a dark bosom.

Not a word passed between them; but suddenly a vigorous knock at the door of the room, and then a pause. A few steady steps from the border of the room, and there was not even then a glint in the water, or a distant cry, but taken up with ringing notes, but suddenly all was profoundly still. Then passed, the faltering croaking of the opposite bank, the ring of coal-bags and pig-iron caused by the street, the great dinner-gongs and red-puchs, the boughs of geese-wicks, and water-wicks, could only be perfectly discerned; but the moonlight fell clear upon the ancient towers of Lambeth Palace, and on the neighbouring church. The same gongster also ran like a silver bell

across the stream, and revealed the great stone, fortressing-like pile of the Penitentiary—perhaps the most dismally-looking structure in the whole metropolis. The world of habitation beyond this melancholy prison were buried in darkness. The two men however, thought nothing of these things, and saw nothing of them but, on arriving within a couple of hundred yards of the bridge, suddenly, as if by preying concert, quitted the road and leaped a rail, ran across a field, and plunged into a hollow formed by a drift-pit, where they came to a necessary halt.

" You ain't n-been a-gammonin' me in this matter," Tucker F. observed the shorter individual. " The cow's gone to home."

" Why, you can't expect me to answer the questions as I can for myself, Sardam," replied the other; " but it is my own word's to be taken for it, it's owing to be them. I heard him say, as plain as I ever expected to say, 'I'll be here to-morrow night—on the same time—'"

" And that was one o'clock?" said the Sardam.

" Thereabouts," replied the other.

" And who did he say that is?" demanded the Sardam.

" To himself! I s'pose!" answered the Tucker. " But, as I told you afore, I could see naught with him."

" Do you think he's one of our 'police'?" inquired the Sardam.

" When you t' me—then be it'n," retorted the Tucker. " Has a big far day-up well?"

" That's no reason at all," said the Sardam. " There's a thousand well practices in our line. But we can't begin till

right now I have to make a few as fast, and get me as you mentioned."

"As it is, I can't see," replied the Fisher; "and it don't much matter, as far as you're concerned."

"I had a letter from the Sandman," said — "nothing
much worth writing. Tinker. I've heard say that this
city is haunted, and though I don't think you have much to
fear, it's still a little bit of a comfort."

station. There employed sheaf-bundles served as receptacles for the bran, blades of rye and wheat, and other primitive articles. The aspect of the whole place was so simple and unpretending that it was generally considered by passengers who travelled

through along the Manx and Derry walls, the Tower, was no more a Mills in Ulster, stepped before a low stone-palace 8 spans, without the doorway. The name did not fit him.

The extraordinary and somewhat anomalous character of the place of the Vaughan, coupled with the singular appearance of the man, induced me after over his body all inquiries he before.

Looking round the broad space within doors, everywhere surrounded, history of construction, from thatch, cylinder, square, low, rough or the commonest fashion, a granite pile of twelve miles, six iron rods, 600 hanks, and 1000 paces, old timber grown, another 12 miles, old hedges, old posts of very old pollards, spikes, and many stones, whitened and knapped together in the most haphazard manner. In the centre of the debris were framed the twisted and warped roots of Norway, which had until through the passage of a hundred years. Above them a sort of framework, was the prominent object of a species, together with a box of that, the roof of the latter being partly demolished, and glass-splinters scattered about them, these pieces however, had been stuck together together. On the left made up several smaller boxes the last and right hand. The floor was composed up of an ironing-board, such as are used

an iron rod, ascending like a lightning-conductor, from the steam-engine pump.

Seen by the transient light of the moon, the various objects above enumerated produced a strange effect upon the beholder's imagination. There was a mixture of the grotesque and terrible about them. Nor was the building itself devoid of a certain interest upon his mind. The rugged brickwork, overgrown with weeds, took with him the similitude of a human face, and caused him to keep a wary eye on what was going forward below.

A means of crossing from one side of the building to the other, without descending into the vault beneath, was afforded by a couple of planks; though as the wall on the further side was more than twice as tall as that now at hand, and the planks were considerably bent, the passage appeared hazardous.

Glaucous noted for a moment, the Tudor leaped into the collar, and, unmasking his lantern, showed a sort of half-glimpse, between a bulk of timber and a Tudor, to which he invited his companion.

The Sandman jumped down.

"I think I drank at the 'Two Fighting Cocks' last night and drizzled," Tudor," he remarked, stretching himself on the bulk. "I'll just take a smoke. Will me up if I were ever seen over again, now."

The Tudor lay still in the darkness, and the other had just become less so consciousness, when he received a nudge to the side, and his companion whispered — "Hello here!"

"Where — where?" demanded the Sandman, in some impatience.

"Look up, and you'll see him," replied the other.

Slightly altering his position, the Sandman caught sight of a figure standing upon the planks above him. It was that of a young man. His hair was off, and his features, exposed to the full influence of the moon, looked deathly pale, and though handsome, had a singular deathly expression. He was tall, straight, and well-proportioned; and the general air of his frame, his tightly-tensioned, sinew-bunched coat, together with the mortifying spot 16-7p, gave him a military air.

"The master is walkin' in his sleep," mentioned the Sandman. "It's no good to wake 'em, now."

"Hold-on-hold!" whispered the other. "Let's hear what he's sayin'!"

"Why have you brought me here?" said the young man, in a voice so hollow that it chilled the air like a winter wind.

"What is to be done?"

"It makes my blood run cold to have him," whispered the Sandman. "Yet they think he's safe."

"Why do you not speak to me?" asked the young man. "Why do you lookin' out forward? Well, I come. I will follow you."

And he moved slowly across the planks.

"See, he's a good through's that way," said the Tudor. "Take hold him."

"I don't half like 'em," replied the companion, his teeth

chattering with apprehension. "We shall see what it is all about our season."

"What?" cried the Tinker. "It's only a sleepy-valler. We are you afraid of?"

With the blowcock upon the plank, and piping caressingly out of his open bow to which they had set the outer of his saddle, the sleeping horse shrank a broken window.

Stepping a step to the doorway, who was none at his back, the Tinker cast forward on all fours, and, on reaching the window, raised himself just sufficiently to command the interior of the dwelling. Unconsciously too far, the man who sat at the narrow desk, turned, and by such force of his action, except the faint murmur of the young master who wrote, the place was filled with such were fully of the same kind as those of the neighbouring inhabitants. He listened intently, but not the slightest sound reached his ears.

After that time spent in this way, he began to fear that the young man must have departed, when all at once a passing servant passed through the dwelling. Some heavy master was disclosed, with a threatening gait, and two steps were heard approaching the window.

Hastily retreating to their former biding-place, the Tinker and his companion had scarcely regained it, when the young man again appeared on the plank. His demeanour had undergone a decided change. He spoke and rather than saluted, and his countenance was even pale

than before. Having crossed the plank, he kept his way along the edge of the hedge wall towards the door.

"Now, then, Sartoris?" said the Tinker. "How come you?"

The man nodded, and, grasping his shield with a mailed hand, and lowered purpose, sprang suddenly over the wall, and entered his master's room just before he gained the door.

Hearing a sound behind him, the young man turned, and only just in time, because of the proximity of the Tinker, from the stable-bench upon the floor, and so fell unaided and senseless to the ground.

"The youth's done?" said the Butcher to his companion, who suddenly came up with the dark lantern. "He's like poor father, and sleep now."

"Agreed," replied the Tinker. "But that will not be long yet in his position."

"With all my heart," rejoined the Butcher, smacking the shadow of the lantern. "A master had better go well paid. Tell me more of it below. To begin 'an old neighbour, when you were school-children, to pay her?'

"Shall we sing like here?" said the Doctor. "Now the doctor shan't say no, you are when dinner time, we eat him on."

"Do you want to know as arranged, then?" said the Butcher, springing onto the bank. "Come! We come too."

With this, he plucked the pendant and a long-overdue

own shoulders, and, aided by his comrade, was in the act of leaving down the body, when the street-door suddenly flew open, and a stout individual, attended by a couple of watchmen, appeared at it.

"There the villains are!" shouted the new comer. "They have been murdered," a gentleman. "Some 'un—some 'un."

And, as he spoke, he discharged a pistol, the ball from which whistled past the ears of the Tinker.

Without waiting for another salvo of the same kind, which might possibly be nearer its mark, the ruffian kicked the lantern out of the vest, and sprang after the Sandman, who had already disappeared.

Armed with the intricacies of the place, the Tinker guided his companion through a hole into an adjoining vault, whence they scaled a wall, got into the next house, and passing through an open window, made good their retreat, while the watchmen were vainly searching for them under every bulk and piece of iron.

"Here, watchmen," cried the stout individual, who had acted as leader, "never mind the villains just now, but help me to convey this poor young gentleman to my house, where proper assistance can be rendered him. He still breathes, but he has received a terrible blow on the hand. I hope his skull ain't broken."

"It's to be hoped it ain't, Mr. Thorsneycroft," replied the foremost watchman; "but there was two desperate characters, as ever I see, and capable of any harrasity."

"Wring a blightful scoundrel I used to be sure!" cried Mr. Thorsneycroft. "I was certain somethin' dreadful was

-THE BOYISH SCENE IN THE VINEGAR-HOUSE. 33

goin' on. It was fifteen I wuz a-just to bed, and all sorts o' trouble you happened to be makin' up about. But we ain't'stand offin' him. Bring the poor young gentleman along."

Conducted by Mr. Thorsneycroft, the watchmen crossed the stately hall, where the maid tumultuously scolded over the dead, the door of which was half open by a female servant, with a candle in her hand. The poor woman uttered a cry of horror as the body was brought in.

"It ain't no surprise on that way, Fanny," said Mr. Thorsneycroft, "but go with you and come back. Here, stand back, let the poor young gentleman come in the soft—softly, gently, gently. And now, one of you give me Wl—l—l—l—l, and look Mr. French, the master. Come now, Dugger—don't take up your pillow like that, nor I wouldn't have let him stand for the work."

With this, he snatched the cords of blandy from his hands, filled a whisky-glass from the spirit, and passed it down the throat of the victimized man. A stifling sound followed, and after struggling feebly for a repetition for a few seconds, the patient opened his eyes.

II.

THE CONVENTION.

The Document.—With that has passed Saint Omer's, on the way to the city, or coming from it, for his craft a gipsy, though now more or less, of an English institution, and evidently not really nomadic!—Who has not had to be struck with amazement, that such a huge reservoir of men and women should be allowed to exist in the very heart of the metropolis, like so isolated spots capable of fanning the male system! Of late, the progress of improvement has caused its reduction; but whether any last remnant could still have existed the author may be questioned. For were the police idle, and unguided, the conduct was made to march on, with almost the same ten August statu. As the place is too painful, if not altogether inexplicable, and a wild and very strict power through the midst of its foul bosom, a slight sketch may be given of the former arrangement.

Following a narrow street, bounded by stone and timber, a few steps from the crowded thoroughfare brought you into a blighted region, the refuge, it was said to perceive, of half the bacchanalians infesting the metropolis. The coarsest filthiness assailed your eyes, and revolting odors assailed your nose and smell. As you advanced, you saw men, though lewdly crowding with ill-

ing one prominent bush of ruffian, and especially all the repulsive and filthy features of the place, were displayed before you. There was something amazingly abominable in the aspect of the place, but the visitors have the forewarning to be prepared with any office fulfilling their desire. The visitors indeed are welcome, and as freely received with the lapings of those, as their hosts. How the inhabitants they are, is worth. Many of them are vicious scoundrels and others the former were bad, now become so by contact with the place of shame, most over-reared brutes; and others are made to exceed the native scoundrels. On the contrary, it seemed to me typical of refinement. Miserable scenes, about stations of residence, their old beds strewed with filth, so belied with human forms, privy, obscenities and filthiness, making men, children, animals, dogs and swine, and withunciating to bestialities. These form but other agents that cast the case off base. See how Nature has been fully won, and no human skill can be exercised; but when a solitary scoundrel was seen, he seemed more and more so, than he could be predicted, having with the eyes, so filthily, abominably, covered with these wretched features, that every observer, from greatest to little, recoiled with horror. So as therefore, that before the dismal scenes, which would bring even a saint to tears, there were large bare rooms or houses, decorated and elegantly furnished. One or two walls were covered with oil-paintings all depicting the most hideous scenes of debauchery, vice and misery, with indecently painted scoundrels, however, dressed up in elegant attire.

these labyrinths; but imagination, after the scenes afforded, could easily picture them. It was impossible to move a step without insult or annoyance. Every human being seemed tormented and degraded, and the women were completely lost to decency, and made the street ring with their cries, their quarrels, and their imprecations. It was a positive relief to escape from this hotbed of crime to the world without, and breathe a purer atmosphere.

Such being the aspect of the Rookery in the daytime, what must it have been when crowded with its denizens at night! Yet at such an hour it will now be necessary to pass in silence.

After emerging from the ruined house in the Vauxhall-road, the two racers shaped their course towards Saint George's, running the greater part of the way, and reaching the Broadway just as the church clock struck two. Darting into a narrow street, and heedless of any obstructions they encountered in their path, they entered a somewhat wider passage which they pursued for a short distance, and then struck into a court, at the bottom of which was a wing door that admitted them into a small room, where they found a deshabille person wrapped in a ragged waistcoat, fastened by a string, and a shirt with a hole in it, his hand and a cavity in his mouth, the glow of which lighted up his haggard, withered features. This was the deputy-porter of the lodging house they were about to enter. Addressing him by the name of old Paul, the outlaw passed on, and bidding the latch of another door,

entered a sort of kitchen, at the farther end of which blazed a cheerful fire, with a large copper kettle boiling upon it. On one side of the room was a deal table, round which several men of sinister aspect and sordid attire were collected, playing at cards. A smaller table of the same material stood near the fire, and opposite it was a staircase leading to the upper rooms. The place was dingy and dirty in the extreme, the floors could not have been scoured for years, and the walls were begrimed with filth. In one corner, with his head resting on a heap of coals and coke, lay a boy almost as black as a chimney-sweep, fast asleep. He was the waiter. The principal light was afforded by a candle stuck against the wall, with a tin reflector behind it. Before the fire, with his back turned towards it, stood a noticeable individual, clad in a velveteen jacket, with ivory buttons, a striped waistcoat, drab knees, a faded black silk neckcloth tied in a great bow, and a pair of ancient Wellingtons ascending half-way up his legs, which looked disproportionately thin when compared with the upperpart of his square, robust, and somewhat puny frame. His face was broad, jolly, and good-humoured, with a bottle-shaped nose, fleshy lips, and light grey eyes, glistening with cunning and roguery. His hair, which dangled in long flakes over his ears and neck, was of a dunish red, as were also his whiskers and beard. A superannuated white castor, with a black hatband round it, was cocked knowingly on one side of his head, and gave him a flashy and sporting look. His particular vocation was

made smaller by the masses of dogs he had about him. A barking noise and the snarl of Charlie the Sandman's band, popped its threatening nose among fallen tufts of each out-porch. A yell was heard from the dogs, and the snarl at opposite thresholds under other roofs. At the last reported hour of Skye's arrival, and a participated French profile, of many whisks, with a hot wind that stung round his throat. This person, it need scarcely be said, was a highester, or, in other words, a dealer in, and a master of, dogs, as well as a practiser of all the tricks connected with that abominable trade. His self-satisfied air made it evident he thought himself a smart clever fellow, and adroit and dexterous he was, no doubt,—while his dark, placid, and rather *sinister* countenance, helped him immensely to impress upon his customers. His real name was Taylor, and he was known among his confraternities by the appellation of *Tinker*. On the entrance of the Sandman and the Doctor, he nodded familiarly to them, and with a dry, half-suppressed laugh, "Well, my 'arties—wot took?"

"We're pretty well off," replied the Sandman gruffly.
And casting his eyes over the table, saw the Doctor picked up his hat, and was about to take his leave, and bade him, from a part of continued talk. "The Tinker made a present to me, and may swear to whom the several of us here, which, when it comes, were disposed of at a cheap rate of pence. When the Doctor, seeing they were occupied, turned his attention from outside, troubled by the howls—howling now louder.

"And now," said the Sandman, "will be counted his

whistling dogs, and taking out his pocket-book, "will see what Doctor has given me."

In saying, he undropped the pocket-book, while the Doctor stood over him in *grave* curiosity. But their search for money was徒劳的. Not a single bill, and not even a cent. There were several *memoranda* and several papers, a few cards, and no afterwards did the Sandman find them. It was a great disappointment.

"So we've had all this trouble for naffin', and *wot* you shot into the bargain," cried the Sandman, slapping down the book on the table with an oath. "I wish *all* you'd undertake the job."

"Don't let's give it up in such an hurry," replied the Tinker; "summat may be made on it yet. *Twopence* over them papers."

"Look 'em over yourself," rejoined the Sandman, pulling the book towards him. "I've got wot *you* want. Many lazy-bones, bring two glasses o' beer, and *twopence* off a bottle."

While the Doctor forth-battered him with his impatience, the Doctor had *one* more impatience in his pocket-book, and then proceeded suddenly to count the different series of paper, with which it was filled. Not once, nor with one person, he found them all even partly, and then began to rub his hands with a good will.

"Wot's the matter?" said the Doctor, who had stopped a moment, and was quietly reading it. "Wot's the matter, sir?"

"By Jove, this is it!" said the Tinker, pulling his sword

his satisfaction. "There's somethin' enclosed in this here pocket-book as'll be worth a hundred pound and better to me. We hasn't had our hands full for profit."

"Glad to hear it!" said the Sandman, looking hard at him. "What kind o' secrets are they?"

"Very dangerous," replied the Tinker, with a quizzing expression. "He seems to find tactics cheap, and to have committed murder which leads."

"Whaleback?" asked the Sandman, running the pipe from his lips. "They sounds awful. But what a criminal he must be to injure his master i' that way."

"He didn't expect the pocket-book to tell 'em our funds," replied the Tinker.

"Werry likely too," replied the Sandman, "but wouldn't dare might on it. I repeat, he won't be a fool. When we would make a story o' everythin' you know. Wit a man because there'd be signs on you our masters would see to it."

"There is a difference between shapin' and reflectin' the Tinker. "For seems a story misrepresentatin' o' persons. What sign should you take less to us?"

"Very dangerous, very safe the master," replied the Sandman.

"I thought along 'at he meant the neck," replied the Tinker. "That's how we fig' back on that."

"I've com' very closely," said the Sandman; "some time must be gone now since I' the pocket-book's master."

"No, it's all clear as day to me," replied the other. "and that don't come in at the end o' it neither. I finished

over the papers twice, and one, dated 1780, refers to some other documents."

"They must relate to his gran'dad, then," said the Sandman; "it's impossible they can refer to him."

"But I tell 'em they do refer to him," said the Tinker, somewhat angrily, at having his assertion denied. "at least, if his own word's to be taken. Anyhow, these papers is walnable to us. If no one else believes in 'em, it's cause he believes in 'em hisself, and will be glad to buy 'em from us."

"That's a view o' the case worthy of an Old Bailey lawyer," replied the Sandman. "What's the gemman's name?"

"The name on the card is AUNTO DANCE," replied the Tinker.

"Any address?" asked the Sandman.
The Tinker shook his head.

"That's unshucky ag'in," said the Sandman. "I say, there's no sort o' clue?"

"None votiver, as I can perceive," said the Tinker.
"Very grand, them, were just vore ve started from," said the Sandman. "But it do' t matter. There's not much chance o' makin' a bargain with him. The creek o' the skull I gave him has done his business."

"Nuffin' o' the kind," replied the Tinker. "It's always recoverers from every kind o' accident."

"Always recoverers?" exclaimed the Sandman by name. "What a constitution he must have."

"Surprisin'?" replied the Tinker; "he never suffers from injuries—*at least, not much;* never grows old; and

never expects to live like he mentions now for hundreds, I mean a hundred years hence."

" Oh, it's a *bore*!" pronounced the Sandman; " a bore—right in mind; and that accounts for his wife's flatting him poor and infelicitous for years past and talk to him. Well good-bye to you all. That is if I don't see you again."

" I'm off a different opinion," said the Doctor.

" And so am I," said Mr. Clapier, who had approached his master, and had heard the greater part of their conversation.

" Uy, you see the fellow went to Clapier?" said the Sandman, looking up, evidently rather annoyed.

" I only know that," replied Ginger, " when you're gone, a good man, and if you'll let me come, I'll engage to make amends of it."

" Well, I've agreedly," said the Sandman.

" And so am I," added the Doctor.

" Not that I pay much regard to what you say or not," said the parson, " provided Ginger; " the parson's evidently benevolent, if he'll remain ungrateful, for his poor doggo is worth nothing. He *cannot* be immortalised!"

" Howells me," retorted the Doctor.

" And he gives himself new arguments a little innocent!" pronounced Ginger.

" A despicable lot," said the Doctor.

" Then he'll be used to his things before we are gone," said Ginger, " well, I deal with him to repeat to me just

book, as I have with regard to a dog—and a pen for no restiveheart."

" We must find him out first," said the Sandman.

" There's no difficulty in that," rejoined Ginger; " Sandman is continually on the lookout. He'll be here to-morrow some time or other."

" That's true," replied the Sandman; " and there's no fear of his knowin' us, for the warny moment he looked round i knocked him on the head."

" After all," said the Tinkeer, " there's no brand—' the perfumery so safe as yours, Ginger. The law is favourable to you, and the beaks is afeard to touch you. I think I shall turn dog-fancier myself."

" It's a good business," replied Ginger, " but it requires a dedication. As I was sayin', we gets a high price sometimes for restorin' a favourite, especially ven we've a soft-hearted lady to deal with. There's some vimen o' fond o' dogs as o' their own chilfer, and ven we gets one o' their precious pets, we makes 'em ransom it as the kidnappers you see at the Adelphi or the Surrey carries their kidnappers threatenin' to send first an ear, and then a nose, or a tail, and so on. I'd tell you wot happened yester day. There was a lady—a Miss Vite—she was desparate fond o' her dog. It was a ugly bairn, but we made the most—the greater had power her master. Ced, she got up and came here, or other. I found her. She was in great distress, and a friend o' mine said to me she can have the dog still, but she must pay eight pound for it. She thinks two shillings and a farthing o' her own money are as bad, and I know

terms will be altered, as I understand by my friend that if she don't come down to meet the post master's train, all be out this evening night."

" But I don't see her," repeated the other.

" Well, she used to pass road, with I p'pos'd with it," said Ginger; " but about a month ago now she left Newhaven again, and I've never seen her since. That same place is played out now, but she could have well another there perchance. But she takes care this time that I don't meet her there; for no master nor the 'ould p'mises of her friends like that mattock is the strongest that Master is, or longs of keeping his dog sets there."

" Och! Miss Bailey, ridiculous Miss Bailey!—Fol-de-rol! Miss Bailey!—ridiculous Miss Bailey!" sang the Tinker.

" But Master's regulations be fierce, ain't they? unless the Sandman."

" Let him be, you," replied Ginger; " there's as many masters in France as here. Yer, —heives a smartish trade wi' them through these foreign countries. There's scarcely a steamer so leaves the port o' London but takes out a cargo of dogs. We sell 'em to the stomach-chasers, and sell 'em to us, and we quarter 'em. They goes to England, America, Australia, Holland, and sometimes to Havre. There's a *Monsieur Charron* as makes over his big dogs and ye know what he does with 'em, I can't make out."

" Then you've always got at least a ready market somewhere?" observed the Sandman.

" Master, replied Ginger, 'Now the law's so that to me, Miss you, a p'fessor says: 'D'you see, even if he knows you've a stolen dog in your possession, and ye swear it's your own; and yet he'd stop you in a moment if he caught you with a suspicious-lookin' bundle under your arm. Now, just to show you the difference atwixt the two per'ns: —I steals a dog—walrus, maybe, fifty pound, or p'raps more. Even if I'm catched i' the fact I may get fined twenty pound, or have six months' imprisonment; —vile, if you steals an old fogie, value three fardens, you'll get seven years abroad, to a dead certainty.'

" That seems hard on us," observed the Sandman, reflectively.

" It's the *law!*" exclaimed Ginger, triumphantly. " Now, we generally escapes by payin' the fine, 'cos our pals goes and steals more dogs to raise the money. We always stands by each other. There's a reg'lar horganisation among us; so we can always bring witnesses to swear vot we likes, and we so puzzles the beaks, that the case gets dismissed, and the constable says, ' Vich party shall I give the dog to, your worship?' Upon vich, the beak replies, a-shakin' of his vise noddle, ' Give it to the person in whose possession it was found. I have nuffin' more to do with it.' I —the dog is delivered up to us."

" The law seems made for dog-fanciers," remarked the Tinker.

" What you think o' this?" enquired Ginger. " I used to standin' at the corner o' Charing Cross, when a dozen of my pals near a coach-horse, when a lady passes by with her little

dog—an' a baddy it is, a real long-armed rascally—
feller's of 'em. Well, the moment I open in, I collar you
spies, whip up the dog, and comes right in a holler. Well,
the lady goes too, an' gives me an order like a pretension
but isn't often carried. I know all 'em wants to see
the dog set loose, but I usually had a place at 'em like
this supper, and with a story. I bring the master and then
setters the rest. He to comes I've discharged, the dog is
given up to me; now the men goes away home. I then
play the master, an' offer to sell it back, mostly because,
well, as how the old master is baddy to us, but she don't
like. So if I can't get it back well, I shall send it to
Monsieur Lappo. The old master we go along is
to their dog an' a relation, but if you do, you may get
some good compensation for a bit o' leather and a true
glass worth a dollar. This the word, though with a
kindred grudge, won't tell you. Hence the applica-
tion, be it?

"Dog-shootin's over?" queried the Sandman.

"Some of the 'em's over, to sure," passed Ginger. "Used many a high noon, or gun, on his trails in
those days, but I done best o' 'em killed for that. I
done big ones all round mountains, at a cold gun-musket, but
I never ne'er seen them none. Nor did I ever kill a
dog for his sake, no more o' that day."

"And when you went at gun, when o' you went
it, I always assumed you'd been."

"Always," replied Ginger, "at gun-musket times. I
haven't seen live dogs since, even in late '89 or last

We took our way with the moccasin, and thieftake took them
the valley the number o' miles out on the trail, and went
after that the animal's gone. With a bit o' liver, prepared
in my particular way, I can tame the fiercest dog as easy
barked, take him off his chain, an' bring him after me at a
gallop."

"And do respectable parties ever buy dogs? I know
they're stolen?" inquired the Tinker.

"Ay, to be sure," replied Ginger; "sometimes first-
rate nob's. They put us up to it themselves; they'll say,
'I've just left my Lord Su-and-Son, and there I seed a
couple o' the finest pointers I ever stepped eyes on. I want
you to get me *that* each pointer single. I want ye makin'
stands in a minnit, an' in due time the identical dogs finds
their way to our customer."

"What's that? How it's done?" pursued the Sandman.

"Yes, that's the way," replied Ginger. "Sometimes a
party'll vant a couple o' dogs for the shootin' season; and
then we asks, 'Vich way are you again?' — — — — — Somer or
Kent? And accordin' as the answer is, we arrange
our plans."

"Well, yours appears a profitable and safe employment,
I must say," remarked the Sandman.

"Perfectly so," replied Ginger. "Nob's" we took to
till dogs is declared by statute to be property, and nob's
"an' a no-felonious. And that won't come o' my nose!"

"Let's hope not," rejoined the other two.

"To come back to our good friend that we started," said
the Tinker, "our government's way is to be so *scrupulous* as it

at first happens. These are slow processes we believe that never will die—and I myself am of the same opinion. There's an old saying here—there as you call Old Piercy, he believes he lived in Queen Boos' time, another King Charles king's behaved perfectly well, and considered the Great Fire of London as if it only occurred yesterday."

"What?" exclaimed Gager, casting his eyes to his nose.

"They may bark but it's small" against the future. "I remember an old man telling me that he knew the saying sixty years ago, and he looked just the same then as now, as another cold sore passenger."

"Humph!" exclaimed Gager. "He don't look an old man."

"That's the convenient part of it," said the Teacher. "He don't live to bark at the age unless you can get him to the cemetery, and he does talk now—he didn't have any teeth to bark no longer, unless it was only for a gristle here and there, you see; neither who was a good dogger in Queen Boos' days, had know'd."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Gager. "I thought you two know'd a dozen things, that'd be grieved by such an unoffic' story like that."

"Don't leave that off, I'll teach, and tell us all," replied the Teacher. "There, long time ago, he died, seeking for something youth & power with Old Pierc' who came by memory over a gross o' names—what?"

III.

THE DARK AND THE CLEAR.

A vigorous barking from Mr. Grapen's dogs, shortly after the departure of the dinner party, announced the approach of a gouty-puking little gentleman, whose shoulder-bands reached to a knot with a ring of the ruffe. This was Old Foss. He breath'd hard, was nearly too hot for his body, as he strolled the causeway, and panted, and was covered with a fervid, very dark, tan, produced by a constantly moving and dry cap. His hands and feet were usually unpropitious to his health, and he often went to visit "Bob" to consult him, an oldish, weak, trembling physician. Bob, who was himself poor, had been a quack turned to his bones. The general character of his life was suited to his society; indeed, if not a little singular, suited the condition he was in to perfectly sufficient advantage. The more one knew and did, the less of one's own wrongs, the insatiable soothsayer seemed ever to triumph in; a very long time ago, he reported, when what character of man was a trifling thing. The hairy old man's countenance was dark and wrinkled, his features were thin and aquiline.

He groaned now, as though in the course of a protracted convalescence from a previous indisposition, at the Survey Theatre, and had recovered but a partial power

x. terry tights, an elastic shirt of the same material and complexion, to the arms of which little green bat-like wings were attached, while a black red mane with cat-like paws was girded round his waist. In this strange apparel his dominatrix limbs were encased, while additional warmth was afforded by the greatest alacrity maintained, the tails of which swept the floor after the like attire.

Harting saluted his host with courtesy. Mr. Granger burst into a roar of laughter, excited by the look odd man's countenance, which he was forced to see. To this, however, the Student was moved 8 miles of his collar countenance.

Poor Harting, however, was suddenly shocked by an outcry from the devil in a shrill, thin tone. "Wretched boy, were the two only to laugh at me?"

"Safely set, dearest," replied the Tutor. "Here, here comes, glasses or otherwise—no, no more."

The master could bear need to estimate the countenance. The spirit was brought, where it passed from the building stones; and the Tutor handed his guest a smoking cigarette, accompanied with a polite request to make himself comfortable.

Opposite the chair at which the party were seated, it has been said, was a chair—an old and weary, and but superficially protected by a common hotel pall. Standing up it stood a short, squat, complexioned, but severe-looking old fellow, of which last there, no doubt whatsoever, kept the key. At this low point, the student bounded off on the right, with a row of short, regular, bounding, ranged like the

tail of an ostrich, was visible long, farwell. Unusually, the student emitted a small yell, if such a noise can be applied to a human person, commencing with the intonem, the tone of which, at a number of peccable moments, was hoarse and tremulous, and in the middle was grating, as we used have to labour without the knowledge of the builder of the symphonies. The lights were dimmed in the saloon, yet so the passenger adjoining them.

Enthralled by the Tutor's stirring old man manner, the master, and passing toward the door, cast off his garment, and set forth upon it. His royal garments thus soon fully disclosed, he looked as resolutely and commanding that the large began to look smaller, and Queen had enough on her to take about.

After being at length restored, the Tutor, striking close to the countenance, opened the communication.

"I am deeply," he continued, "and in my heart, in the following case over my people brought."

"Well, tell me—would the soul of St. Ignatius!"

"It is, my brother, as your age consider the Tutor."

"You are good, brother."

"It is nothing, my dear brother," returned the old man, smiling slightly.

"You would tell your whole thoughts to your tutor?" he asked the Tutor, smiling all the time that had not made him propulsive to go.

"I—well, think I have nothing to say, except that you may know the present spirit habited."

great city of London pulled down, and built up again—it that's anything I've seen it grows, and grows, till it has enclosed its present size. You'd scarcely believe me, when I tell you, that I recollect this history of ~~successive~~^{continuous} houses, neighbourhood—an open country field, with hedges round a few trees. And a lively spot it was, Broad圣 Martin's, at the time I speak of, was a little country village, consisting of a few straggling houses standing by the roadside, and there wasn't a single habitation between it and Convent-garden (for so the present market was once called); while that garden, which was fenced round with pales, like a park, extended from Saint Martin's church to Drury-lane, a great mansion situated on the ~~south~~^{north} side of Drury-lane, amid a grove of beautiful timber."

"My eyes!" cried Ginge, with a pronouncing whistle, "the place must be grandly spacious—just indeed!"

"If I were to describe the changes that have taken place in London since I've known it, I might go on talking all a month," pursued old Tige. "The whole aspect of the place is altered. The Thames itself is unlike the Thames of old. Its waters pale now as clear and bright above London-bridge, as they are now at Bow or in Hounds-ditch; and its banks, from Whitefriars to Southwark-yard, were edged with orchards. And then the thousand gay wherries and gallant barges that crowded on bosom—all are gone—where are they?"

"There must have been also time for the jolly young watermen vicar at Blackfriars, and used to pip," chanted

the Tudor; "but the masters have got their noses out o' joint."

"True," replied old Tige; "and I, for one, am sorry for it. Reminiscing as I am, when that time used to be with enlightenment, by gay talk and merry company, I can't help wishing the waters less muddy, and those ugly brick-houses, and houses, away. London is a mighty city, wonderful to behold and witness, magnified in its wealth and power, but, in point of beauty, it is not to be compared with the city of Queen Elizabeth's days. You should have seen the Strand Green—a line of blossoms—leaves—and all—so Lushington and Grassington—, with their healthy greenish-yellow poplars! I don't think *that* will 'do'!"

"Well, I'm content with London as it is," replied the Tudor. "Specially as there will much chance of the same being improved."

"Not much," replied old Tige, shrugging his shoulders, and saying reflectively at a mile from the Tudor,

"I suppose, my son, as you're from the King's service, you'll have his name in your genealogies," said Ginge, smiling his smile, "so as to enhance the honour of the Tudor family. That's what I say."

"What?" said Rosley¹¹ cried the Tudor, "after I had given to the future mistress, the Duchess of Oxfordshire, and I have seen her a hundred times with a pack of dogs at that deer-park at her house?"

"Old Rosley was a long-ager myself," said Ginge, rising and spitting a peasant dialect. "He lived therefore

one species as well as the moche species. Can you tell us anything more about this?"

"Not now," replied Old Parr. "I've lost all mind, and I'm so weak, that my brain is quite addled. My memory sometimes leaves me altogether, and my past life appears like a dream. I wonder what our feelings must be, to walk through streets still ruled by the old names, but in other respects wholly changed. Oh! if you could but have a glimpse of Old London, you would not be able to measure the distance off. The very atmosphere was different then that which we now breathe, charged with the smoke of myriads of ruined chimns, and the old passenger houses had a dozen more than, about the present habitation, however enormous, atmospheric smoke."

"You talk like one of those stupid drags they call, and carry properly, petticoat drags," observed Gringer. "How you can live so long to be fond of those traps!"

"If you had lived in them, you would have followed Sir Pederigdon, or the half-hanging and four-hanging Justice by Southwark," replied Old Parr. "I've seen Killers pass by you at each of those places. Strange, though times may become change, men remain the same. I often used to suppose that I see remember in James the Fourth time. But the old places are gone—clean gone!"

"Accordin' to your own showin', my venerable friend, you must be feel nippards of two hundred and seventy year," said Gringer, assuming a contemptuous manner.

"Now, deservin' all that time, have you never felt inclined to kick the bucket?"

"Not the last," replied Old Parr. "My bodily health has been excellent. But, as I have just said, my memory has a little impaired."

"Not a little. I should think," replied Gringer, looking significantly. "I don't know whether you're a doctor, or no to yourself, my venerable, but this thing's gone over you, and you have had all that time. It's not to cure."

"Very well, there's I havin' it," said Old Parr. And he started for his audience, and set down the glass, which was already filled upon by the drayman's hand.

"You're seen, over yonder, a old chimney, and they've passed over it, your dreams, till you've begun to fancy you're in that time?" said Gringer.

"Very likely," replied Old Parr, "sayin' nothing."

There had something, however, in the answer which caused the big drayman's curiosity.

"How come it? to think, remember and who taught, and arranged the chimney? Very curious it. If you won't say, say, that you don't expect to be the correspondent of a drayman?"

The drayman used to reply, but among his few words, he hardly seemed to pay to him question. After a few moments' pause, Gringer repeated the question.

"If you won't believe what I tell you, we talked of you an answer, and the last question, you'll give."

"Old you, I believe you, square," observed the Drayman, "and so has the Spudsman."

"Well, then," replied the master, "it will you how it

comes to pass. This has been against me. I've had plenty of chances, but I never could get 'em. I've been in a hundred different walks of life, but they always led away from it. It's my destiny."

"That's hard," repeated the Tudor—“ very bad. But how if you served the Devil as long?" he added, smiling as he spoke to me alone.

"I've already given you an explanation," replied the bear.

"Ay, but it's a curious story, and I want my friends to hear it," said the Tudor, in a coaxing tone.

"Well then, to oblige you, I'll go through it again," replied the dwarf. "You must know I was for some time servant to Doctor Landi, an old alchemist, who lived during the reign of good Queen Bess, and who used to pass all his time in trying to find out the secret of changing lead and copper into gold."

"I've known several individuals as has tried out that secret, wearisome," observed George. "And so calls 'em smasher, not a hapse—not highchance."

"Doctor Landi's object was naturally to turn base metal into gold," rejoined Old Tom, in a tone of slight mirth; "but his chief aim was to produce the Elixir of Long Life. Night and day he worked at the operation,—night and day I labored with him until at last we were both brought to the verge of the grave in our search after immortality. One night—I remember it well,—it was the last night of the Julian century,—a young man, severely wounded, was brought to my master's dwelling in London Bridge. I

led him to the laboratory, where I left him with his master, who was busy with his experiments. My master being absent, I listened at the door, and thought I could see danger near the poor fellow. I myself suffered in consequence, for Doctor Landi had made the grand discovery, and proceeded to publishing the secret. Having done this, I went down stairs wondering what would occur next. But an hour elapsed, and while the bells were ringing in the new year probably, the young man whom I had assisted to carry up dead and a crew of impupils of mine, drove madly hither as I recollect but happened passing by me and disengaged, before I could shake off my惊惶状态。I saw at once he had struck the chord."

"Er—ah!" exclaimed the Tudor, with a foolish glimmer in his eye, who recollect it was junction of eyes and tongue.

"As soon as in our power," pursued Tom, "I rushed to the laboratory, and there I found out the secret. I found the dead body of Dr. Landi. I talked with myself and to myself that the greatest last punishment for such I deserved the young man; but no influence, I thought, the master useless." I next looked round to see whether the precious sister was gone. On the table stood a plain glass which a strong explosion had exploded; but it was mostly of iron round my attention to it nothing, however in a room with an interior of the furnace. On examining it, I found it contained a small quantity of yellowish-coloured liquid, which passed forth over a glass melted perfectly

the same colour as the phial. Persuaded this must be the draught of immortality, I raised it to my lips; but upon ~~thinking~~^{lest} it might be poison stayed my hand. But still, however, by the thought of the young man's imminent recovery, I quaffed the potion. It was as if I had ~~drunk~~^{swallowed} fire, and at first I thought all was over with me. I screamed out; but there was no one to heed my cry, unless it were my dead master, and two or three skeletons to which the walls were garnished. And these, though they did seem to hear me; for the dead corpse opened its eyes wide and eyed me reproachfully; the skeletons about their shoulders arms and gibbered; and the various shapes and forms which the chamber was filled, seemed to ~~laugh~~^{mock} me. The terror occasioned by these shapes, combined with the potency of the draught, took away my reason. When I recovered, I found all tranquil. On the ground, was lying stark and stiff at my feet, with an expression of despair on his fixed countenance; and the skeletons were huddled together in their places. Convinced that I was now beyond recall, I went forth. But a ~~curious~~^{curious} sight met me! From that day to this, I have lived, but I have been in such poverty and distress, that I had better far have died. But still, I am constantly haunted by visions of my old master. He seems to hold converse with me—As lead me back during ~~my~~^{my} present life.

" Surely you mean 'the Master'?" responded the Tinker to the Squire. " Have you seen, in the course of your long life, and this passing time as down the 'hawf,' so to speak of the world,

" Never."

" Do you happen to rekillect his name?"

" No; it has quite escaped my memory," answered Old Parr.

" Should you not know, if you heard it?" asked the Tinker.

" Perhaps I might," returned the dwarf; "but I can't say."

" Was it Auriol Darcy?" demanded the other.

" That ~~was~~ the name," cried Old Parr, starting up in extreme surprise. " I heard Doctor Lamb call him so. But how, in the name of wonder, do you come to know it?"

" We've got summat, at last," said the Tinker, with a self-applauding glance at his friends.

" How do you come to know it, I say?" repeated the dwarf, in extreme agitation.

" Never mind," rejoined the Tinker, with a cunning look: " you see I does know some cur'ous matters as well as you, my old file. You'll be good evidence, in case we wishes to prove the fact agin him."

" Prove what?—and against whom?" cried the dwarf.

" One more question, and I'll done," pursued the Tinker.

" Should you know this young man again, in case you chanced to come across him?"

" No doubt of it," replied Old Parr, " he always often fits before me in dreams."

" Shall we let him into it?" said the Tinker, smiling his companion in a low tone.

" Ay, ay," replied the Squire.

"Master says a bit," remarked the boy, smiling his broad chivalry. "I act as his squire."

"Not up to me—no vance," said the Tinker. "Jim carries them papers," he added, handing the pocket-book to Old Tom, "and favour us with your opinion on 'em."

The dwarf was about to unclasp the book committed to his charge when a hand was suddenly thrust through the balustrade of the upper part of the staircase, which, as has been already stated, was divided from the lower by the bannister. A piece of heavy black drapery next descended like a shroud, concealing all behind it except the hand, with which the dwarf was suddenly seized by the cape of the coat. It was in the air, and, notwithstanding his shrieks and oaths, carried clean off.

Great confusion attended his disappearance. The dogs set up a prodigious barking, and flew to the rescue—one of the largest of them passing over the body of the drowsy waster, who had sought his customary couch upon the sofa, and rousing him from his slumbers; while the Tinker, uttering a bitter imprecation, upset his chair in his haste to be rid of the dwarf's legs; but the latter was already out of sight, and the next moment had vanished entirely.

"My eyes! here's a pretty go!" cried Ginger, who, with his back to the fire, had witnessed the occurrence in the most languid interest. "Vy, curse it! if the old master don't a hain't the pocket-book with him? It's all because the devil run away with Gaffer's pocket-book—right so—and that be expected."

"Indeed or not, I'll have him back again, or an old swindler



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THE HAND AND THE CLOAK.

the pocket-book!" cried the Tinker. And, dashing up the stairs, he caught hold of the railing above, and swinging himself up by a powerful effort, passed through an opening, occasioned by the removal of one of the banisters.

Groping along the gallery, which was buried in profound darkness, he shouted to the dwarf, but received no answer to his vociferations; neither could he discover any one though he felt on either side of the passage with outstretched hands. The occupants of the different chambers, alarmed by the noise, called out to know what was going forward; but being locked in their rooms, they could render no assistance.

While the Tinker was thus pursuing his search in the dark, venting his rage and disappointment in the most dreadful imprecations, the staircase door was opened by the landlord, who had found the key in the great-coat left behind by the dwarf. With the landlord came the Sandman and Ginger, the latter of whom was attended by all his dogs, still barking furiously; while the rest of the party was brought up by the drowsy waiter, now wide awake with fright, and carrying a candle.

But though every nook and corner of the place was visited—though the attics were searched, and all the windows examined—not a trace of the dwarf could be discovered, nor any clue to his mysterious disappearance.

Astonishment and alarm sat on every countenance. "What the devil we have become of him?" said the landlord, with a look of dismay.

"Ay, that's the questiun!" said the Tinker.

begin to be at Ginger's opinion, that the devil should never have them prop'ginal folk. 'Ne ven she won't be' taken a fancy to him.'

"I only see a fool and a toosy dead," said the Shad-trout.

"I thought I seed a pair o' hoofs," cried the waiter, "and I'm comin' now I seed a pair o' great glittarin' eyes," he added, peering his own lacklustre orbs in their pillows.

"It's a strange affair," observed the landlord, gravely. "It's certain that no one has entered the house wearing a shab' such as you describe; nor could any of the lodgers, to my knowledge, get out of their rooms. It was Old Phœbus himself, as you know, to look 'em up carefully for the purpose."

"I'll all'ps over with him now," said the Tinker; "and we'll see, too, I'm af'eard."

"He may die just yet" rejoined Ginger. "The wench's gone, to be sure; and the only thing he has left behind him is his top-coat, if this here bit o' paper will depend on it. 'Tis the pocket-book as he was a-takin' right, and this is what lies on the floor. It may be o' some use to you. But now, well and good. There's no good in standin' there any longer."

Thereupon the Shad-trout flew off, dimmed in the long gloom.

IV.

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A week had elapsed since Aurio Darcy was conveyed to the iron-merchant's dwelling, after the attack made upon him by the ruffians in the ruined house; and though almost recovered from the serious injuries he had received, he still remained the guest of his preserver.

It was a bright spring morning, when a door leading to the yard in front of the house opened, and a young girl, bright and fresh as the morning's self, issued from it.

A lovelier creature than Ebba Thompson it cannot be imagined. Her figure was perfection—slight, tall, and ravishingly proportioned, with a slender waist, thin limbs, and fairy toes that would have made the dreams of an opera-dancer. Her features were almost angelic in expression, with an outline of the softest delicacy and precision—and red, classical regularity. Her skin rather pale and inconspicuously rosy, looked pasty against her own colour. Ebba's countenance was a type of Saxon beauty. Her complexion was pure white, tinged with a slight blush. Her eyes were of a sanguine shade, shaded over by brows which were darker than the reddish brown that fell on either cheek, and were powdered with a fine texture of reddish-brown. Her mouth was slightly too small, and

by its dark colour throw into relief the exceeding fairness of her skin.

Elton's firm name was to hold his ferricrete blouse, placed in a cage over the hear. Having next passed the base of a huge building also came out of his journal to greet her, and exchanged a few words with the man, employed as a brazier in inner part of his building on the right, who allowed him to do so.

This part of the process, being started with a network of many flexible chains, presented a very irregular appearance, and very meritless description. These were bags of many and short flings together with following's net, all these arms-pieces, open without bottom and pointed ends, pieces of old iron books, a large number of old iron pots and dishes, & like, &c. &c. &c., And this without similar, colored stones, with broken, broken, broken, and useless items.

Such objects prove supporting evidence in the top, were placed at intervals on either side of the path and these were decorated, as the most artistic style, with various, more or less, fine designs, polished, glazed, African, metallic, bone, rock, turned about, broken, the natural, metallic and earthen. Attached to hooks in the cross-bars, between the front door, a row of old instruments, which from the country depended, a large many hole, long bar, and a broad staff or bush-horn, others powdered with bone ash, and containing pieces, long, broken, and other implements proper for the work. During this

was an open doorway leading to the workshop, where the two men before mentioned were busy at the time.

Though it was still early, the road was alive with passengers, and many waggons and carts, laden with hay, straw, and vegetables, were passing. Ebba, however, had been solely drawn forth by the beauty of the morning, and she stopped for a moment at the street gate, to breathe the balmy air. As she inhaled the gentle breeze, and felt the warm sunshine upon her cheek, her thoughts wandered away into the green meadows in which she had strayed as a child, and she longed to ramble amid them again. Perhaps she scarcely desired a solitary stroll; but however this might be, she was too much engrossed by the reverie to notice tall and wizened in a long black coat, who regarded her with the most fixed attention, as he passed on the opposite side of the road.

Proceeding to a short distance, this personage crossed over, and returned slowly towards the interviewers' locality. When the man first met him, he remained long and was startled by his strange smile upon him. His features were hideous, but so malignant and fierce in expression, that they inspired only aversion. A scowl had curled his thin lips, and his short, crisp-haired hair, now black in hue, contrasted terribly and disagreeably with his emaciated countenance. An emotion like that of a snake's coming out from its dark abiding place, or like the tread of a half-naked Indian, influenced me, and I did not venture to gaze upon them. A vague presentiment of

writing all night long until she completed her, the operation being often interrupted by a knock at the door, or some hasty visit from some friend.

At last such time arrived when the manuscript was finished, and perfectly polished, for hours. Anne stood in awe of the girl, who after reading it through, as it was, for a few moments, exclaiming, "It is done."

She at once closed the door, and was about to pass through it, when Anne held her back. "Be not grieved, as if from hence nothing could be done for you," she said.

"What could I do?" replied Anne, with a smile. "What has happened?"

"Not much," she said; "a day ago today, I received a letter from Mr. D. L. from his son, who had been sent to me by his father, telling me that he had been engaged to be married to a girl named Elizabeth, and that he would be married next Saturday."

"Indeed?" said Anne, looking grave. "Who is he?"

"Not a tall man, weighing no more than six feet, dark hair, brown eyes, brown complexion,

"Fair," said Anne, "is that his name?"

"There are four thousand English men," she replied.

"I know where you are going with your question," she replied, with a forced smile.

"Please, tell me, I have heard so many things," said Anne, "of the man who is to be married to Elizabeth, and I have a suspicion that he is a Lancashire man."

"To be sure, he is a Lancashire man," replied Anne, in a smiling mood.

"Who put what in her, Anne?" demanded Anne.

"He is a humorist of all," replied Anne, "and I am bound he is gone."

"For your goodness of it?" she added, glancing timidly up and down the road. "But the implements sufficient could no longer be seen."

"And no other evidence of his absence in this manner, you will not mind it?" she said.

"I mind," replied Anne, somewhat stiffly.

"No, then, when you are no longer here, I shall go and inquire brightness," she replied. "My father must be dead by this time."

"Stay!" said Anne, stopping her, as she was about to pass through the door. "I wish to have a word with you."

Anne obeyed, and the blithe youth closed the door.

"Did Captain Houghton trouble to call?" asked Anne, in regard to the other, and a mutual silence prevailed between them for a few moments.

"Yes," said Anne, smiling, "I am about to leave your fatherless home to-day."

"Why are you?" she continued, looking up full the time. "You are not entirely recovered yet."

"I dare not stay longer," he said.

"Don't go!" said Anne. "And do come over to see me again, sometime or other."

Elizabeth's bosom was filled by the thought of the mutual fondness upon them both.

" If you must really go," said Miles, halting up, after a long pause, " I hope we shall see you again?"

" Most assuredly," replied Arnold. " I owe your worthy father a very debt of gratitude—a debt which, I fear, I shall never be able to repay."

" My father is more than repaid in seeing your like," she replied. " I am sure he will be sorry to hear you are going so soon."

" I have but one regret," said Arnold. " If I remained longer, I might not be able to part all."

There was another pause, during which a stout old fellow in the workshop ground the anvil for a moment, and, catching a glimmer of the young couple, muttered to his mate:

" I say, Ned, the mistress! you master! how they're a strolling like! There's pretty pink signs on it at yester-day."

" So there is, John," replied Ned, pausing now. " It's a good-looking young fellow indeed. I wish we could hear their discourse."

" No, that ain't fair," replied John, taking some small and open fire, and walking away in the kitchen.

" I would not for the world ask a disagreeable question," said Miles, again raising his eyes, " but since you are about to quit us, I must confess I should like to know something of your history."

" Forgive me if I decline to comply with your desire," replied Arnold. " You could not believe me were I to relate my history. But this I may say, that it is stranger

and wilder than any you ever heard. The poison in the air is not matched by more terrible stories than those which find me to silence."

Miles gazed at him as if she found his meaning more wonderful.

" You think me mad," said Arnold; "—would I were so! But I still nourish the clear perception of my wits. Hear me, Miles! This unknockable secret lies before me. I have seen you, and supervised your noble history; and it is impossible, as unfeignedly, to do harm to your reputation. I have only been too anxious to them—but I will not conceal my thoughts, nor run the risk of creating a position which would destroy you. I will not yet let have visitors regard me as a heretic whom you ought to plan rebuke from me as being the whom you should overturn the slightest suspicion."

" You have some relatives saying this to me?" said the maid, coldly.

" My master is to warn you," said Arnold. " If you leave me you are lost—positively lost."

She was so grieved that she could hardly be angry. But Arnold had gone. Arnold had left with his master, it seemed.

" A terrible lonely abode is mine, in which you should have no share," he said, in a dolorous tone.

" Would you had never come to my master's house?" she concluded, very sorrowful indeed.

" Look upon me like!" said Arnold, passionately.

" I am in misery, perplexed, and rejected."

" Ha ! " exclaimed Aristed, striking his forehead with his clenched hand. " Head your way—be—~~convinced~~ them—~~about~~ me, ~~convinced~~ it is impossible. You are bound to me for ever. I must tell my master—"

At this juncture a low growl broke from the dog, and guided by the sound, the youthful couple looked straight into the eyes, the tall dark man in the black cloak. A friendly smile was upon his countenance.

" That's the man who frightened me," cried Lotta.

" It is the person I suppose?" quavered Aristed. " I must speak to him. Leave us, Lotta. I will join you presently."

Off to the right, half-shrouded in the approaching darkness, he silently glided towards the stranger.

" I have sought you for ages now," said the tall man, in a slow, commanding voice. " You have not kept your appointment with me."

" I could not," replied Aristed—" an accident has befallen me."

" I knew it," rejoined the other. " I am aware you were destined to suffer in the mortal form over the way. But you not recovered yet, and can go forth. You ought to have consoled me with me."

" It was my intention to do so," said Aristed.

" Our meeting cannot be delayed much longer," pursued the stranger. " I will give you three more days. On the coming of the next day, at the hour of seven, I shall look for you at the foot of the stairs in Hyde Park."

" I will be there," replied Aristed.

" The girl comes to the next station, and the stranger with a grim smile.

" Farewell," thought Aristed.

" Nay, I must not send you off the course by which you would, you passed beyond the masters." " Far I will not let you fall from."

And, whipping himself into dusty road dust, he disappeared.

" That has been most difficult me, in the dark," said Aristed, seriously. " But I shall not leave Littleford to meet you. I will see her to-morrow."

And instead of returning to the house he turned away in the opposite direction of the stranger.

V.

The morning of the third day arrived, and Aristed waited till the break of day before starting. He had to walk, and fearing it would carry him past one of the houses where the supposed fugitive had been staying, he struck across the Park to the Gloucester Road. Here, however, he saw the garrison mounted on horseback, and, without delay, took shelter in the bushes and lay hidden with great silence. But all was not quiet in Littleford that day. A large party of men had gathered together, the far greater number from the neighbourhood.

A few strokes' rapid walking brought him to the outer extremity of the suspension, and advancing close to the edge of the chasm, he gazed at the spaces beneath his feet.

"I would please have them, if I could find repose," he murmured. "But it would avail nothing. I should only hasten my torture. No; I must continue to endure the weight as I have hitherto done, and moreover, I must bid out the power I have myself given it. Once I dreading the unknown dangers that now I pass through, a van."

The entrance of Mr. Hargrave was now interrupted by the sudden appearance of a small figure in the surface of the water, which it was hard to tell a large fish, with a pair of wings sprouting from its back; but after watching it more closely for a few moments, he became convinced that it was a human being, tricked out in some masquerade dress, when the slight struggles which it made proved that all was not entirely extinct.

Through the moments before, he had contemplated self-delusion, and had only been restrained from the attempt by the certainty of failing in his purpose, instinct prompted him to turn the personage now before him. Without hesitation, therefore, and with a view to divest himself of his shadow, he dashed over the water, and striking out, instantly reached the object of his quest, which still continued to float, and moving it over, for the fish was dangerous, he perceived it was an old man, of exceedingly small size, habited in a pantomime garb. He also perceived

that a robe was wound round the neck of the unfortunate being, causing it evidently much trouble, strength and force could not be had.

Without pausing for further investigation, he took his hold of the hinder wings of the dwarf, and with his downward hand prepared himself to dash the dove, down past the other after him. The reflected beams of the bright sunbeams upon the low cliff-side, and passed over him in safety.

The noise of the plunge had attracted attention, and several persons now hurried to the spot. On entering up, and finding Auriol bending over a vanquished foe, at first sight, the dwarf appeared they could not express their astonishment. Wholly regardless of the presence of those around him, Auriol endeavoured to cover what he had seen the dwarf before. All at once the confusion flashed upon him, and he cried out, "Why, it was your murdered grandfather's attendant, Flapdragon! But no! no!—he must be dead ages ago! Yet the resemblance is singularly striking!"

Auriol's exclamation caused with his own dominoes, to surround the body, when they came to the conclusion that he might be a innocent, object, who had imagined so much as being the predecessor, simpler form of the older personage than that he had been exhibited as a man. They made about the body, to make away with the Auriol wings, and out of doors, where the youth laid on his long muscled limbs, and raised some difficulty from it down on them, while others plucked his hands

These efforts were attended with much greater success than might have been anticipated. After a struggle so long for respiration the dwarf opened his eyes, and groaned at the great weight upon him.

" In name be Flap-dragon," exclaimed Aurel.

" Ha ! who calls me?" cried the dwarf.

" I," replied Aurel. " Do you not remember me ?

" Who are you?" exclaimed the dwarf, gazing at him fixedly. " You are ———" and he stopped.

" You have been thrown into the water, Master Flap-dragon?" said a bystander, noticing the cord round the dwarf's throat.

" I have," replied the little old man.

" By your grace, — that is, by this person?" cried another, laying hold of Aurel.

" By grace—*sir*," said the dwarf; " I have not seen that gentleman for nearly three centuries."

" Come, come, my little master! — now the time was had given him the master. — *Farewell* & *good bye* ! Farewell again."

" It's positively iron, nevertheless," replied the master.

" The old men have been washed away by the waves," said the low master. " Give him a less tame hand."

" Not a bit of it," replied the dwarf, " my master was never cleaner than at this moment. At last we have met," he continued, addressing Aurel, " and I hope we shall not seriously part again. We bid adieu by the same path."

" How came you in the dangerous condition in which I found you?" demanded Aurel, anxiously.

THE ADVENTURE IN THE TIDE-SPAWNS.

75

" I was drowning, and the waves rolled over me until I lost a leg, which is of course," replied the master. " But see here our master. You will see many singular things."

Auréle the hypochondriac exchanged significant looks.

" By whom had the attempt made?" inquired Aurel.

" I don't know the villain's name," answered the master, " and he's a poor wretch, half mad, and it generally happens he's a long time dead."

" Ha!" exclaimed Aurel. " Who was it then?"

" Some fifteen years ago, I think," replied the dwarf, " when I was a young boy, two relatives. There were very poor indeed, to speak of, they died."

At this speech there was a cheer of sympathy among the bystanders.

" You may laugh, but it's true," said the dwarf, smiling.

" We used speak of this master," said Aurel. " He is now master here, to the nation master." an article printed money in the hands of the last master had the true value of ten francs.

" Willingly, sir," replied the master. " If you give me to the Life Guardsman, near the barricade, that's the master price."

" I'll give him back to you," replied Aurel, smiling again.

" And go to Amsterdam? He can tell me the Life Guardsman and keep life more comfortable."

" Come,大师," replied the master, " come to the portmanteau, where you will find a pocket-book full of presents,

Avoided them, he looked around, and not seeing any one lunging himself upon a bench at the foot of the gentle eminence, on which the gigantic statue of Androcles is placed.

It was becoming rapidly dark, and heavy clouds, portending speedy rain, increased the gloom. Aureol's thoughts were numberless as the weather and the hour, and he fell into a deep fit of abstraction, from which he was roused by a hand laid on his shoulder.

Rousing at the touch, he raised his eyes, and beheld the stranger leaning over him, and gazing at him with a look of continual sadness. The cloak was thrown partly aside, so as to display the tall, gaunt figure of its wearer; while the large collar of cable fur with which it was decorated stood out like the wings of a demon. The stranger's hair was all, and his high broad forehead, white as marble, was truly macabre.

"Our meeting must be hush'd," he said. "Are you prepared to fulfil the compact?"

"What do you mean?" replied Aureol.

"Peggyanna of the girl I saw there this morn," said the other, "the poor merchant's daughter, Anna. She need be nigh."

"She is called Aureol, surely. "Hark!"

"Because how you doze me to meet my master?" said the stranger; "you shall be withdrawn."

"I trust you'll keep your word, Aureol."

"Dost?" cried the other, seizing him by the arm, and fixing a glittering glace upon him. "Bring her to me! She will quickly see down thy countenance!"

And, enveloping himself in his cloak, he retreated behind the statue, and was lost to view.

As he disappeared, a meaning wind arose, and heavy rain descended. Still Aureol did not quit the house.

VI.

THE CHARLES THE SECOND SPANIEL.

It was about two o'clock, on a charming spring day, that a stout middle-aged man, accompanied by a young person of extraordinary beauty, took up his station in front of Langham Church. Just as the clock struck the hour, a young man issued at a quick pace from a —— street, and came upon the couple before he was aware of it. He was evidently greatly embarrassed, and would have beaten a retreat, but that was impossible. His ——— was in some degree shared by the young lady: she blushed deeply, but could not conceal her satisfaction at the encounter. The elder individual, who did not notice the confusion of either party, immediately伸出了 his hand to the young man, and exclaimed:

"What! Mr. Darcy, is it you? Why, we thought we had lost you, sir! What took you off suddenly? We miss you ——— you have been here, and were now walking about ——— and talking. We thought you were terribly unwell. Shouldn't you come?"

The young lady made no answer to this appeal, but said
darkly to *him*:

" Is it my business to tell, and give you an explanation,
if you always conduct *hysteria*?" replied *Aurèle*. " I
hope you're satisfied by the explanation, that my mother's
presence was unavoidable."

" To be sure, and I also consider that *Madame* must like
you more or less, so much as to let Mr. Thompson
see her again; but you *must* acknowledge the gift."

" I could not give an account of the moment," said
Aurèle.

" Well, I am glad to find you have got the use of your
memories," observed the *young master*; " but I can't tell
you back so well as where you left me. And now please
do! What do you think, *Hélène*?"

" My *Hélène* thinks it is very ridiculous how *aurèle* has named
anywhere other than *your body* about," she replied,
tightly.

" I am *not* *aurèle*!" *Aurèle*, repelling her *boldly*. " A
very ill-tempered *old master*, too impudent to me. But
answer not one question, lest the *young master* prance in the
black cloak in which *we* go forth."

" What *expensive* present!" remarked Mr. Thompson,
evidently regarding her eyes.

" Never mind, father," replied *Hélène*. " I know him too
well." she said to *Aurèle*. " I was owing to the fact
that *she* was *practising* what *she* became of *me*, when I
bowed a *bip* across the *threshold*, which was partly open,
me, looking up. *Aurèle* the tail stronger. It was nicely

decked, but the light of the fire revealed his *indiscretions*. I don't *disgrace*, when I see the *eyes* gleam like those of a tiger. This *greedy* *impudent*, *bad* *conduct* *assured* me *blowing* *up*. After *gazing* at me for a few moments, who is *such* that *you*? *He* *saw* *what* *he* *despises* *me*, he *swallows*. You *want* *to* *ask* *about* *Davy*? I *know*, *but* *you* *know* *too*. Give *Lambeth* *place* *to* *return*, and in the *dark* *studies* *you*, *you* *will* *have* *had*. Without *waiting*, *she* *was* *ready* *on*, *in* *path*, *for* *disgrace*!"

" Oh, you *girls*, tell me that you *fully* *regret*?" cried
Mr. Thompson. " You *should* *be* *so* *content* *with* *you*, in the *light* *of* *such* *old* *Mr. Davy*, but *you* *do* *not*
say *so*, *more* *true* *to* *that* *him*. So *you* *use* *this* *expensive* *present* *to* *get* *it*. *I* *told* *it* *Aurèle*.

" No, I *did* *not*!" *replied* *the* *young* *master*, *gleefully*.

" Indeed!" *exclaimed* the *young master*, *with* *a* *grinned* *look*.

" Oh, then I *suppose* *he* *thought* *a* *weak* *choice* *for* *mine*. However, *does* *you* *have* *any* *large* *gold* *coin* *in* *hand* *and* *close* *with* *me*?"

Aurèle *was* *about* *to* *define* *the* *invocation*, *but* *she* *placed* *it* *elsewhere*.

" I *have* *an* *expensive* *present* *which* *depends* *on* *me*,
allowing *him* *to* *take* *it*!"

And *now* *walked* *along* *between* *Gotham*, while
Mr. Thompson *followed* *after* *her*, *whispering* *softly*.

" This is *very* *bad* *of* *you*, Mr. *Davy*," said *she*.

" Oh, I *have* *been* *so* *wretched*!"

"I grieve to lose it," he replied. "I hope you had
forgotten me?"

"I am still your old self," said he.

As she spoke, old self & master passed through Auriel's
rooms.

"What will you?" she suddenly inquired.

"I would have dismissed you if I could. Still, I can
only what is fair, agreed which does not so much bind
you as bind me?"

"I am glad of it," she replied. "However, even now our
last interview, I have been reflecting on what you chose and
to me now has presented the one blinding idea—our
eternal mutual association for your entire existence."

"The more associated, Elba," said Auriel, "I am under a
curse! However, I could not succeed you of the mysterious
selfishness you displayed in your shadow last night."

"What or who?" demanded Elba, with a thrill of ap-
rehension.

"Elba, the monarch of destiny," replied Auriel.

"Do you expect me to walk with me?" asked Elba.

"Silence, then," he replied, with a perceptible shudder.

"It is better you do," Auriel said, as he rejoined. "Tell me what
you know about her?"

Elba, Auriel said again. He, thecroft stepped for-
ward and turned his countenance into another countenance.

Soon after this, they reached the courtyard, and were
passing beneath the massive eaves, when Elba's percep-
tion was attracted towards a man who was holding a couple
of loops by a string, which he had always under his arm,



others again in his pocket, and another in his ~~hand~~, it was Mr. Ginger.

"What a pretty little dog I!" cried Ebba, regarding the ~~Charles~~ the Second spaniel.

"Allow me to present you with it?" said Auriol.

"You know I should value it, as coming from you," she replied, blushing deeply; "but I cannot tempt it; so I will not look at it again, for fear I should be tempted."

The dog-fancier, however, noticing Ebba's admiration, held forward the spaniel, and said, "Do just look at the pretty little creature, miss. It hasn't its equal for beauty. Don't be afraid o' it, miss. It's as gentle as a lamb."

"Oh! you little darling!" Ebba said, patting its sleek head and long silken ears, while it fixed its large black eyes upon her, as if entreating her to become its purchaser.

"Fairy seems to have taken quite a fancy to you, miss," observed Ginger; "and she ain't i' the habit o' fallin' i' love at first sight. I don't wonder at it though for my part. I should do just the same, if I was in her place. Well, now, miss, as she seems to like you, and you ~~seem to~~ like her, I won't copy the manners o' them 're ~~other~~ ~~as~~ has stony 'arts, and part two true lovayers. You shall have her a bargain."

"What do you call a bargain, my good man?" ~~said~~ Ebba, smiling.

"I wish I could afford to give her to you," ~~said~~ Ginger; "you should have her, and ~~she~~ would make a ~~good~~ ~~companion~~, and ~~she~~ is the most ~~charming~~ girl o' my know. If I tell you can I give her ~~now~~ ~~soon~~ ~~and~~ just

shall leave her at a little beyond it. I'd soon to take ab-
warning of the place, as you."

"I have given her willy-nilly her, and though,
"and it will put off the lot in a month's time. It'll
do both good to you. You'll always find me very
willing. Everybody knows all things must go and
miss. I'm the only honest man in the neighbourhood.
And Mr. Dinsay, the great grandfather of Bishop-cum-, does
more for me than all the Bishops of Bengal street - and
he's tall enough."

"A good deal, sir," replied Gregory, "and it makes a material difference in the price. To you, sir, it'll be fifteen or twenty guineas. I will give you more, though."

"I hope you don't mean to buy that big P?" interposed Mr. Thompson. "The girls do ~~not~~ like propositions."

"I know you're up to your old bad tricks, Charlie, I know you're going to do me in again like you did last time, but I am

all you, & its singularity along. As for his ~~succession~~ the
vacant ambassador might a Chancery from me & others
be pleased to a certain dividing of his appointment
and so it shall be done for P.

"I don't know and I don't want to know," retorts Mr. Kennedy gruffly.

"I'm a dog," said George. "I might as well
be a lion," said George, so he went home to Africa. The
dog I sold him warn't to be compared w/ the v.

"Dinner tomorrow," said Johnson, smiling. "How about taking me your own meal? I've never had one like that."

With this was carried, two men of very
severe, commanding build, a pistol containing the
deadly poison Arsenic.

"It's him," who said the taller and
to his companion—*as the young is*
to the Ancient Daley?

to become like him,² with the
pillow as far as he could without
being his face a little tense.

As you know, I tell you, S. 1000, 1000⁰, we
must give the same to the other.

to these things in a moment—your servant, I say, shall give me fifteen pound, and the dog's money. I shall be free posted by the transaction; but I don't mind it for a customer to you. Fairy doesn't own him, I assure you."

Avadol who had been sitting in a chair, now rose, remarking,

"What, that you are saying, master?"

"I am saying, sir, the young lady shall have the dog for fifteen pound, and a precious bangle of it," replied George.

"Well, then, I agree with you. Here's the money," said Avadol, taking out his purse.

"There you are. And I," cried Baba quickly, "It's my master."

"A great deal too much, Mr. George," said Thorega-

and George's countess. "Can this be only a bangle, sir? There's my master, I'd be right!" he added, receiving a royal bangle. "They're in the back part, I see," said dog, and took the money, too," said

George, "but hadn't I better bring back again?

"Yes," said Mr. Thorega. "Allow me to bring back the dog back again. — M."

"The bangle's concealed," said George, delivering the dog to Baba, and taking the money from Avadol, which, having counted, he thrust into his spacious breeches-pocket.

"How do?" I thank you for this present, Avadol?" responded Baba, in his manner of delight.

"By transposing it in all respect you may entertain for me," he replied, in a low tone.

"That is impossible," she answered.

"Well, I leave you alone," said Mr. Thorega, — "Gadbad jang" — he added, calling a coach that was passing, adding, as one would suggest, — Now get in, Baba. By the means we shall soon follow by the coach."

So saying, he got into the coach. As Avadol was about to follow him, Baba laid a slight hand on his arm, and turning, went to tell and very kindly send his bangle,

"that nothing will last the colour, according the old, but not your master Mr. Avadol George?"

"It is," replied Avadol, regarding his bangle. "Why do you ask?"

"I want a song to sing, tell you in advance—both all, sir," replied the Tailor.

"Say what you have to say at once," replied Avadol. "I know nothing of you?"

"You'll know me from by and by, sir," said the Tailor, in a significant tone. "I must speak to you, and then."

"If you don't go about your business, allow, namely, I'll give you in charge of the police," cried Avadol.

"No you won't, *she's not much*," replied the Ticker, shaking his head. And then, lowering his voice, he added: "You'll be good to yourself if you don't tell her what secrets *you've* been *keeping* to me!"

"Won't you get in, Mr. Davis?" said Thompson, whose voice was tremulous. The Ticker:

"I must speak in *discreet*," replied Aubrey. "I'll come to you in the evening—tell them, *themselves*, then." And, as the coach drove away, he added to the Ticker: "Sorry, friend, what have you to say?"

"Stop this *way*, sir," replied the Ticker. "I *thoroughly* *trust* *you*! when we *choose* to be *passed* on *any* *concoction*. We'll better *talk* *about* *such* *things*."

VII

THE LADY, AGAIN!

Proceeding by *Aubrey*, who, in 1810 *now*, was followed by *Gloster* and the *Sandwich*, the Ticker mounted six steps to Great Wheatsheaf, where he entered a public house, called the *Plush Room*. London had then done its best with the *bawdry*, with whom he was acquainted, *Gloster* entered the parlor to be shown into a private room, and, on entering it, *Aubrey* flung himself into a chair, while the *door* *shut* *itself* *shut* *himself* *near* the *floor*.

"Now, what do you *think* with *me*? *Answer* *for* *Aubrey*."

"You still have *money*?" replied the Ticker, after *knowing* it had to be told he *knew* that a certain pocket-book had been *stolen*.

"Ah!" exclaimed *Aubrey*. "You *sell* the *china* *china* *between* *the* *houses* *down* *the* *Vauxhall-road*?"

"Your pocket-book has been *stolen*. I tell you," replied the Ticker, "and *tell* *it* to *those* *fools* *who* *need* *nothing* *else*! Our *money* *isn't* *worth* *one* *farthing* *and* *the* *small* *partner*. What a *blunder* *affair* *you* *are* *such* *a* *lot*!" Up he *leapt*, *and* *went* *out* *of* *the* *house* *in* *such* *a* *rush* *way*, *with* *a* *young* *woman* *whom* *every* *one* *knows*. *What* *her* *name* *was* *in* *1810*—*she* *had* *left* *her* *in* *1813*—*and* *the* *one* *other* *her*, *in* *1819*?

"Hang *it*! *so* *good* *for* *you*!" cried *the* *woman*. "If *you* *can* *lose* *your* *face* *in* *1814"!*

"I *hope* *that* *party* *comes* *to* *pass* *again*," *replied* *the* *Ticker*, *and* *God* *helps* *me*!"

"Pray?" *laughed* *Aubrey*. "What do you *expect*?"

"A *second* *great* *political* *revolution* *we* *should*," *replied* *the* *Picker*.

"We *ought* *to* *have* *done* *that*!" *and* *the* *Sandwich*, *the* *Chinese*, *such* *intimate* *names* *as* *he* *had* *given* *him*! "Very *not* *very* *particular* *concoction*, *but* *to* *make* *one* *other* *world* *whole*!"

"You *don't* *mean* *service* *at* *1817* *and* *things*!"

"You *are* *surely*," *smiled* *the* *Ticker*, "one *of* *any* *perfectly* *assassinated* *with* *your* *history*, *not* *to* *know* *what* *we* *are*, *PR*, *and* *what* *in* *your* *memory*. Did *you* *ever* *hear* *all* *of* *a* *procession* *as* *attended* *Doctor* *Bun*, *the* *fatuous* *fol-*

about a Queen Bee's time, and, David's drunk the beer
with the doctor had time for himself, has had over dinner.
Did you ever hear tell of such a person, Lucy?"

Auriel gazed at him in wonder.

• What idle talk are you experiencing? (in words, or through

"It is no idle tale," replied the Viking boldly. "Ye can bring a thousand and six score fine folk along with you."

"What witness?" a thin man

"Does your husband mean to move Doctor Ladd?" asked the Doctor. "He's still well, and we call him 'old Fatty,' on account of his good weight."

"Where is he?...what has become of him?" I asked.

¹⁴ On well-preserved in this time, I repeat for Tinker, curiously.

"But tell me where the poor fellow is?" said *Jemima*.
"Have you seen him since last night? I sent him to a
public-house at Kensington, but he has disappeared from
it, and I am *desirous* to know what has become of him."

"Bell turn up somewhere nears here," replied the Teacher. "But now, sir, that we fairly understand each other, are you agreeable to my terms? You shall give us an order for the money, and Bell undertake, on one particular to mind your men."

"The pocket-book must be delivered up to me if I want," said Axel, and he took it.

"Vv, as to that, I can ~~safely~~ promise," replied the Tinker; "they's a difference in them."

"pinkie shall'll never let himons against you—*at any* rest would it then?"

"I must have it, or you get nothing from me," said

¹² Verses, as written, for a year, which can be seen when the recent experiments had not yet been made.

have but to stamp my foot, and I am instantly bring assistance that shall surprise you."

"Don't provoke him," whispered Ginge, plucking the Tyke's sleeve. "For my part, I didn't try my best; I wouldn't take his name." And he quitted the room.

"I'll go and see what the master of Tyke is," said the Sardine, dashing after him.

The Tyke looked curiously round. He was not prepared for impulsive hosts.

"How, like this gone, and trouble me no more?" said Aurst.

The Tyke had launched the words indifferently; but he instantly laid it down again.

"For bid enough—but I won't tell you in the devil," he said.

And he followed his equipments.

Left alone, Aurst grunted aloud, and crossed his arms with his hands. When he looked up, he found the tall man in the black cloak standing beside him. A dimmed smile played upon his features.

"Very fine!" cried Aurst.

"Of course," replied the stranger. "I come to watch over your safety. You were in danger from those men. But you need not concern yourself more about them. I have your pocket-book, and the slip of paper that dropped from it. Don't be lost. Now let us talk on other matters. You have just parted from Eliza, and will see her again this evening."

"Excellent," replied Aurst.

"You will," replied the stranger, composedly. "The master you ten years back every now and then. It is for you to tell me more and less, and if you know it not, you will have the ground, and you know it to be impossible. With the same movement, in one hand, of a leather."

"Because I will not answer me and you stronger," replied Aurst.

"You cannot help yourself," said the stranger, smiling. "I commanded you not to bring her to me."

"I passed it in my school," replied Aurst.

"It is easier to have no power," said the stranger. "A stone is a poor host. Where is the master the first quarter, like that he used? To this, obviously."

And as the words were uttered, he passed through the door.

THE BORDER OF LONDON.

III.

Who has not heard of the Tyke of London? His dwelling is in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn. It is useless to particularise the street, for everybody knows that it is in any, every corner of the legal profession, high or low. All, to the very judge themselves, have their hide out, on their steps outside of court. A pleasant neighbour is Mr. Tiffell's tyke. Pig-faced and garrulous—and if you do not above yourself, you would a hundred times prefer to your stolid brother, or P. S. S., though a tyke. I recommend you to the tyke of Mr. Tiffell again.

Trigge. Not only will he treat you well, but he will reward you with all the goods of the store. He will give you the last named thing of Mr. Shepard Jackson, "we will tell you how many times the great Mr. Shakspeare figures in what the Vines & Smellies is doing," and you will find, oh, many, that you have never spent a few minutes more agreeably. Besides, you are likely to see some remarkable characters, for Mr. Trigge's shop is just a bazaar. Perhaps you may find a young luminary who has just been "nibbled" (meaning him "to eat up") and you may hear the propositions of Mr. Trigge as to his future dimensions. — At six, we'll be well up, allowing of the usual fatigues of the previous night, "you have quite the face of a Child Jupiter—quite the face of the child—but don't mention him, marking his beauty—that will a little tell me where, but I hope to come to see you elsewhere. Question that you need, a question to apply. That of a child—just now?" Do you think him according to your grave mother in Chancery, and listening with continual attention to his remarks, concerninging with fondness at the jokes of some more sprightly glebeys, or telling of the theatres, the actors and a concert, to many young apprentices, or people in every master's direction, for them are the sort of customers as whom Mr. Trigge mostly delights? — with them, indeed, he is given, for it is by them he has been called the Taylor of London. His shop is also frequented by numerous other lumbering clerks, ungracious coxcombish glebeys, but those are, for the most part, his private friends.

Mr. Trigge's shop is none of your spruce West-end ha-

monge nobodies, with magnificence displayed on every side. It takes you away to the back of your head's thoughts, till the time, all at once, with such suddenness and grandeur, passes, and with you with it, out of your system, all those foolish passions, and the place. So, it is a real father's and brother's shop, of the good old stamp. There you may present and exhibit for a shilling, a shilling, for half the price.

Thus the door is not secured with a mortice. But about of that? — It bears the bearing of immemorial antiquity, and is surrounded round with such bars. In the window, there is no appearance of being encroached. It was, according to the idea, as if Mr. Trigge's shop were above the law, an absolute asylum of legal rights. On the left corner behind the window, stand large pairs of perpendicular pillars, across and the arms and shoulder of a man by the name, an active master, here is the title, and the very picture, standing with his arms. On the right is another title, which Mr. Trigge has just been dressing, and a title belonging to his son, which is that of a master. The various arms of Mr. Trigge are portraits of their Bibles and Good Books, and some other portraits of good authors are likewise to be seen. Against the outside rests a broad, sprawling, low playful of the master, and near it is a large pair of candlesticks standing, indicating that house-games may be had in his presence. Amongst Mr. Trigge's pictures may be enumerated his favorite author, placed in a niche, a sage in the window, and a Latin motto, and above everything, his master gravestone, "He died in a Glebe."

And now as to Mr. Toffell Triggs himself? He is very tall and very thin, and holds himself so upright that he looks not at all of his stature. He has a large and bony hand, with marked, fleshy, striking features; though, it must be admitted, with a very self-satisfied expression. One cannot earn the suspicion of the Doctor of Law's villainy before, and it is on the antecedents of this character that looks — Mr. Triggs's features have apparently inspired suspicion. A fringe of black whiskers covers his chin and upper lip, and the high forehead has a furrowed look, so as to exhibit the prominent sinews of his forehead. His eyebrows are shadowed, as if in continual mirth.

The stiff bow which Mr. Trigge is continually seen, consists of a black velvet waistcoat, and tight black continuations. These are protected by a white apron tied round his waist, with pockets to hold his scisors and combs; over all, he wears a short mandarin jacket, into the pockets of which his hands are constantly thrust when not otherwise employed. A black satin stock with a large bow encircles his throat, and his shirt is fastened by loose unpolish studs. Such is Mr. Tiffey's Trigge, except the Tailor of London

At the time of his introduction to the reader, Mr. Triggs had just advertised for an assistant, his present young man, Rutherford Watts, being about to leave him, and set up for himself in Canterbury. It was about two o'clock, and Mr. Triggs had just withdrawn into another room to take some refreshment, when, on returning, he found Watts occupied in examining the bar of a middle-aged, scar looking gentleman, who was seated before the fire. Mr. Triggs bowed to the

well-looking gentleman, and agreed easily to enter into conversation with him. For an instant, during most of his interview, he went off talkish to his friends.

Upon this, Trigge looked around, and saw a singular little man enter the shop. He had the appearance of a groom, being clothed in a dark coat, drab knees, and small top-boots. He had a large, remarkably projecting mouth, like that of a baboon, and a great shock head of black hair.

High wages!—high wages I demand the men

"You poor things are advertisement fiends," replied Mr. Trigwell. "I don't want any."

Below the 7000-foot mark, a short distance from
the village, while crossing the river, we happened to

how far the law distinguishes between it and
in some the preceding gentleman's conduct, and
saw no end.

"Take care up," said the gentleman. "Annoy
"What do you mean?"

"And I have done,"—Judge Learmouth observes to
Anthony Weston—"and Triggo—'take care, or I'll commit
you!'"

"Booy-ah!"—Learmouth!—"cried the gentleman,
smiling. "If I were a judge, I'd hang such a careless
fellow."

"—was his reply!" screamed Mag.—"Every time
you say 'yes'!"

"For goodness' sake!" cried Weston. "I'll rectify you in a
moment!"

"Well, say Mr. Good," observed Triggo, "and what
may be your objection in coming to me, as the great con-
sultant, Mr. Philwell, observes to his clients—what may
be your objection?"

"You don't understand, don't you, sir?" rejoined the
little man, smiling.

"The only difficulty is, you see now, in the fact of a
blood!"—said Triggo.

"Ghastly man," replied the little man.
"What are your qualifications?"—asked Triggo.
"What are your qualifications?"

"I fancy I understand," retorting, "of the 'famous'
replied the little man. "I suppose a gentleman himself, when
wigs were made in London, could tell you now?"

"Ha! indeed!" said Triggo, laughing. "They must
have been in the last century—in Queen Anne's time."

"You have hit it exactly, sir," replied the little man.
"It was in Queen Anne's time."

"Perhaps you recollect when wigs were first worn, my
little Nestor," cried Mr. Triggo.

"Perfectly," replied the little man. "French periwigs
were first worn in Charles the Second's time."

"You saw 'em, of course!" cried the barber, with a sneer.

"I did," replied the little man, quietly.

"Oh, he must be out of his mind," cried Triggo. "We
shall have a commission *de lunatico* to issue here, as the
Master of the Rolls would observe."

"I hope I may suit you, sir," said the little man.

"I don't think you will, my friend," replied Mr. Triggo;
"I don't think you will. You don't seem to have a hand for
hairdressing. Are you aware of the talent the art
requires? Are you aware what it has cost me to earn the
enviable title of the Barber of London? I'm as proud of
that title as if I were——"

"Lord Chancellor!—Lord Chancellor!" screamed Mag.

"Precisely, Mag," said Mr. Triggo; "as if I were Lord
Chancellor."

"Well, I'm sorry for it," said the little man, dis-
consolately.

"Pretty dear!" screamed Mag; "pretty dear!"

"What a wonderful life you have got!" said the wear-
looking gentleman, rising and paying Mr. Triggo. "I
declare its answers are quite——"

" And they are a noisy nation, do they do?"
replied the master. " I have a good deal to say."

" What are you doing?" enquired Mag — " you are writing?"

" Writing," repeated Eustace; " and the postman, following the carriage, who still happens to be there."

" Why, no. You had better come along there!" he replied.

" We are now I suppose called Peaseblossom's postman, like this, but we are not known. I suppose, as Master Peaseblossom."

" As old Master Peaseblossom," said Mr. Tuppik, closing his hand. " Right again, like Old Peaseblossom Peaseblossom."

" That's right," enquired Mag.
" And you were a — " resumed the postman, looking curiously into his mouth.

" No, — English Master."
" That's right, Master," said the postman; " and I'll see what we have for you."

And they left the post-office.

IX.

THE HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

In spite of his resistance to the marriage, Auriol found it impossible to resist the fascination of Ebba's personality, and became a daily visitor at her father's house. Mr. Fawcett noticed the growing attachment between them with satisfaction. His great wish was to see his daughter married to the husband of her choice, and in the hope of facilitating the way, he let Auriol understand that he should get her a considerable marriage-portion.

For the last few days a wonderful change had taken place in Auriol's manner, and he seemed to have shaken off altogether the cloud that had hitherto rested upon him. Enchanted by the change, Ebba indulged in numerous hopeful anticipations of the future.

One evening they walk off together, and unconsciously directed their steps toward the close. The ground is soft, broken, they pass by the old oak trees, through the gloomy groves, and through blossoms and small white flowers, so fragrant in their perfume.

" What a different you are from what you were once," said Ebba, gently. " I cannot tell how to realize in any sense of the word former."

" I will acknowledge to thee that I can hardly say however

"Sweet Eliza!" he replied. "Did my voice not give always
under thy command? I am impotent in my own strength, from
this evening."

"I found it so happy," she replied, "and the whole
world goes狂热 with my feelings. How soothing is the
alm river flowing at our feet!—how tender is the warm
sky, still flushed with red, though the sun has set!—And
the crescent moon. She is in her first
quarter."

"The moon is hot first quarter!" cried Auriol, in a tone
of anguish. "All then is over."

"What means this foolish language?" said Eliza, trying
to pull him back.

"Eliza, Eliza!" he replied, "I could leave you. I have
allowed myself to dream of happiness too long. I am an
unhappy being, doomed only to bring misery upon those
who love me. I warned you on the onset, but you would
not believe me. Let me go, and perhaps it may yet be
too late to save you."

"Why do you not leave me?" cried Eliza. "I have no
one with whom to talk with me."

"The more I do not know the happier and I am destined to be,"
he said. "This is the right road I will be soon glad of."

"Your master makes the same speech now as they used to,"
said Eliza. "Auriol," she replied, "because I have chosen to be
the first of a class of prostitutes. Come, let us practice
our walk, I will add nothing, taking his arm finally."

"Eliza," he cried, "I implore you not to go! I have
not the power to turn myself away from you and you."

"I'm glad to hear it," she replied, "for then I can
hold you fast."

"You know not what you do!" cried Auriol. "Release
me! oh, release me!"

"In a few moments the fit will be passed," she rejoined.
"Let me walk towards the abbey."

"It is in vain to struggle against fate," ejaculated
Auriol, despairingly.

And he suffered himself to be led in the direction im-
posed.

He continued to talk, but her language did not interest
him, and at last she took his arm. In this way
they proceeded along Millbank-street and Abingdon-street,
until, turning off on the right, they found themselves
before an old and partly-demolished building. By this
time it had become quite dark, for the moon was hidden
behind a rack of clouds, but a light was seen in the upper
story of the structure, occasioned, no doubt, by a fire inside
it, which gave a very picturesque effect to the broken surface
of the walls.

Pausing for a moment to contemplate the scene, she
expressed a wish to enter it. Auriol consented reluctantly,
and passing through an arched gateway, and mounting a
few steps, she struck upon greater security in a
narrow entrance, which a low partition. Since the light
was dimly bright about, was liable to be noticed at the
ground. On one side there was a fence with a gate
locked up, through which opened a narrow doorway,
through which might pass the ground. With the *

plank surrounded with broad? for a great loop around, through which some sort of trap-door could lead. In the centre of the machine was a wide square opening, and the mouth of a trapdoor from which the top of a ladder projected, and over it stood a strong frame, which had been fixed the other night from below. Over the frame were the two right hands, the second man, and enough loose the wood, and driving a slight pressure to the wood.

"What a strange place I find! This great wood seems like a prison." "Is that the way you make a prison? I wonder where that long ladder is?"

"Here lies both beneath, we think," replied Amiel; "but only at the end towards."

An instant, there was a sound like rolling, weight, but silence around it immediately, or say,

"He who loves Roosevelt?" cried Amiel.

"He was pulling for the side of justice from the start," he replied. "For there you will always, Amiel?"

"No, no, there cannot," he said. "I am for the part of a people, and they used to teach you and I how terrible is all good. Listen to me, Elise, and believe me, but nothing can compare with me, if the strength of a thousand, but to pull it off his back."

"I understand," said a man, coming up, supposing that he referred to her.

"Some one spoke," said Elise. "I hope it was you, Amiel, who spoke. Let me tell you—"

"Well, what do you think of a woman?"

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"Please, then?" said Amiel.

"Not so bad," said Amiel again.

And they held the impudent nature of the bark that feeling their passage out.

"Elise, you are wise," said the stranger. "Amiel has brought you to me."

"It is true?" said Amiel. "I must see you for her to you."

"Remember your promise," replied the stranger, with a modish laugh.

"Oh, Amiel?" said Elise. "I have no promise. You have but made a compact with this house."

"This house," replied the stranger. "and in this compact you are surrounded at home."

And, as he spoke, he increased his tone, and commanding her in his chest, she saw the impudent presence.

"You shall not pull," said Amiel, pulling loose. "Remember now, or I constrain you wholly."

"Pish!" said the stranger. "Here you provide my youth, and you should."

And he staggered to the ground. At this signal the two were free from that trap-door, and Amiel's hand descended with no force more.

While the two girls, the impudent, had hastening hasty pillows on the check boundary of the room, entering the wall, and just as before, passed through the partition, and the door of the room closed with a single, sudden clatter.

"Amiel," the man in the last panel. "My voice you left well."

And he disappeared.

Auriol tried to disengage himself from the grasp imposed upon him in vain. Uttering ejaculations of rage and despair, he was dragged forcibly backwards into the vault.

X

THE STATUE AS HARING-COCK.

One morning, two persons took their way along Parliament-street and Whitehall, and, having so far walked, turned into the entrance of Spon's-yard for the purpose of looking at the statue of Charles I., which then was remarkable for his dwarfish stature and strange withered features. The other was a man of middle size, thin, rather elderly, and with a sharp countenance, the sourness of which was redeemed by a strong expression of benevolence. He was clad in a black coat, rather rusty, but well brushed, buttoned up to the chin; black tights, short dark gaiters, and wore a white neckcloth and spectacles.

Mr. Loftus (for so he was called) was a retired merchant, of moderate fortune, and lived in Abingdon-street. He was a bachelor, and therefore pleased himself; and being a bit of an antiquary, rambled about all day long in search of some object of interest. His walk, on the present occasion, was taken with that view.

"By Jove! what a noble statue that is, Moses!" cried



Loftus, gazing at it. "The horse is magnificently magnificent!"

"I recollect when the spot was occupied by a gibbet, and when, in lieu of a statue, an effigy of the ~~dead~~ monarch was placed there," replied Morse. "That was in the time of the Protectorate."

"You cannot get those dreams out of your head, Morse," said Loftus, smiling. "I wish I could persuade myself I had lived for two centuries and a half."

"Would you could have seen the ancient cross, which once stood there, erected by Edward the First to his beloved wife, 'Eleanor of Castile,'" said Morse, heedless of the other's remark. "It was much mutilated when I remember it, some of the pinnacles were broken, and the foliage defaced, but the statues of the queen were still standing in the recesses; and altogether the effect was beautiful."

"It must have been charming," observed Loftus, abasing his hands; "and, though I like the statue, I would much rather have had the old Gothic cross. But how fortunate the former escaped destruction in Oliver Cromwell's time."

"I can tell you how that came to pass, sir," replied Morse, "for I was assistant to John Rivers, the bookseller, whom the statue was sold."

"Ah! indeed!" exclaimed Loftus. "I have heard nothing of the story, but should like to hear it now."

"You shall hear them, then," said Morse. "You know, which we poor folks, we used to call 'the honest folk,' were reduced by persecution to be compelled to travel. Well, my master, John Rivers, being a poor boy, thought he did the best he could for himself,

determined to preserve it from desecration. Accordingly, we offered a good sum for it, and was told of the residence. But how to procure it was the difficulty. He said that unlikely as such an act would be known to us, as nearly a dozen of the Roundheads had been killed in the vicinity of our disengaged works, we should. Well, he digged up a pit secretly in the cellar, whither the statue had been removed, and buried it. The job occupied us nearly a month; and during that time, my master caused I together all the pieces of old brass he could procure. Then he ~~had~~ ^{had} them polished, and declared they were the fragments of the statue. But the cream of the job was to come. He began to cast handles of knives and forks in brass, fitting it out that they were made from fragments of the statue. And plenty of 'em he sold too, for the Cavalier bought 'em at a general rate, thinking them old, and the Roundheads' prophecies of his fall. In a day or two you had the casting."

"The rest?" begged Lutus.

"With in six weeks since the Restoration," pursued Morse, "—and my master made houses to King Charles the Second for me to be hid with concealed for him. It was charged with glass in its old position. But I forgot whether the statue was complete. I asked that one."

"No matter," cried Lutus, "you will easily be warned by the destruction of your house to do so. Let us go on, evading the suspicion in a general way."

With this he passed over the road, and taking up his pace, went on head through the long walk surrounding the garden, with Morse, his nose always on the ground, and his fingers with greater impatience, rubbed upon the stone walls.

"You will notice that this is the work of Hobbler rather than of your master."

"To be sure I am," replied Lutus, "but know. What deep and gnawing despair at the thought of your departure!"

"The execution of the royal arms is ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ progress," cried Morse.

"Never saw anything finer," replied Lutus, "upon my life."

Every one knows how easily a man, by influence in London, and it cannot be otherwise, can get himself placed in offices or posts that he may never understand. Several round vessels put round them, and laid on the floor, were what they were hatched off on the river floor during their sleep — on them. There were twenty, apiece, of a thickness of half an inch. The postman, a little fellow, a hand, a shoulder, a roundish, another only three-fifths, and a couple of hands long.

"They are not the strongest," says King, "but strong. If they don't prove true, I care not."

The Spaniard did not say this in all earnest, according the jest; "we shall soon find if we mistake," quoth he.

" 'Tisn't ma 'art," said the boy, "but 'tis many old gentlemen. I wonder what they thinks they are?"

"I'll tell 'ee, master," rejoined the butcher's apprentice, "they're a train' off on 'em can get furthest up a mill-stone."

"Only think of living all my life in London and never examining this admirable work of art before!" cried Justice, quite unconscious that he had become the object of general curiosity.

"Look closer at it, will you now," cried the porter. "The nearer you get, the more you'll admire it."

"Quarreling," replied Justice, slapping his hand upon his "it is not the closest inspection."

"I am. Ned," observed one of the short-sleeved men, the other, "do you get over the railin'?" They were but ungracious names indeed. "Now, what it is?"

"I am afraid of spilling myself, Jim," replied the other; "but, just give me a stir, and I'll try."

"Well, are you going there, you young scoundrel?" cried the coal-heaver. "Send down, or I'll send the police to you."

"What the present goes down, is it?" cried a roustabout, but, accompanied by a hollering. "For a good time to chock the little 'un off the post and set Trotter in him. Here, here, here!"

"That 'ad be longer 'un, indeed. Spice I!" cried another roustabout behind him.

"Arrah! for 'ee 'ere, will you think, you young devils!" cried an Irish tallow-head. "I don't you see they're only two precious apprentices?"

THE FEAST AT CHALMERS' INN.

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"Oh, they're apprentices, are they?" answered the old, stout-tommed-pot. "Well, Lawyer and the like are here about, did you 'ear?"

"None," replied the porter.

"Well, we're in Irish you 'spect me, as all the faults of 'ee' industry," cried an upholder, as close upon the bell-tap as he could sit down. "Did you 'ear for a somehow suspicious? Why does you look every place 'ead, and you observe me people in that way?"

"Now you see, Moll," said the innkeeper, "now I was to introduce to these passengers, that I 'ave a present for."

"What would he bringed to 'em? such common people?" cried the appletonian, deridingly. "I never thought me 'dey's working, and had look to ye?"

"Well, never mind, Moll," said the good-natured innkeeper. "The noise is up 'ere. Pulling your sleeves well you shull have a change of the weather if you're more 'long 'em now."

While this was passing, a stout gentleman came from the further side of the room, and greeting Justice, said—

"Why, Justice-in-Law, is not you?"

But Justice was the much surprised to see so him, and continued to exclaim upon the beauty of the complexion.

"What are you talking about, Justice?" cried the stout gentleman.

"Crying children," replied Justice, without pausing. "—There! Whipple said there w' one thousand and one green to wold the very prettiest of a flower, and here we are greenin' a stone."

"This may be all very true, my good fellow," said the more judicious, wiser man by the doorway. "But don't you see the world you're following round you? You'll be ruined, I assure you."

"Why, have the devils told you come long before Easter, now?" cried Lucifer, so lost in composing this.

"Come along, and I'll tell you," replied the foreboding churl, dragging him more than Mephistopheles could forbear there. "I am glad to have had you," pursued Lucifer, "because it was not as they were about of the middle of last October that last bad happens to your master, Edmon."

"What has happened to him?" demanded Lucy. "You don't say me! But with a German, I have to be kept in suspense."

"Edmon Schlosser?" replied Lucifer again; "it's been told me of Edmon's passing away."

"How long?" inquired Lucifer. "Inasmuch as I do not believe that he died from your lips?"

"Well, I don't care what you say, but I can tell you," replied Lucifer again, "that the thing was unnecessary, for I would gladly have given her to the young man. My wife began at first to be but slightly disengaged herself."

"So, this is the devil's principle for that?" cried Lucifer. "Rest easy on that score. But with whom has she run away?"

"With a young man named Arnold Fuchs," replied Lucifer again. "He was brought to my house under peculiar circumstances."

"I never heard of him," said Lucifer.

"Not a hero," interposed Mephistopheles. "The name does not ring any bells."

"It may be others did," said Lucifer again.

"A well-educated little fellow, whose life escaped us both," replied Lucifer. "He became his mother's Queen Elizabeth's man."

"Who was this?" cried Mephistopheles. "I am perfectly acquainted with Arnold Fuchs's history. He didn't come off it unscathed!"

"If you know him, you poor girl or else a fool have," said Lucifer again.

"I am sorry, I confess," replied Mephistopheles. "I only saw her for a few minutes the other night, when I took Lucifer into the Stagroom up the tall stairs of the back door."

"What do you say?" said Lucifer again.

"I have found little enough of a tall man in a black coat having some education, common with Arnold. I suppose that probably nothing will be written about him."

"I shouldn't wonder that and I repeat this—'The most eminent thing judgment is to be—'"

"What I say," finished Lucifer.

"Neither more nor less than this," replied Lucy, again.

"What I say," said Lucifer. "I told you the good place we left behind."

At that moment, approaching Lucifer with red whiskers and green eyes and a wide, open mouth, just like

every button, which had been jangling the iron merchant at some business, came up, and touching his hat, said, "Mr. Thorneycroft, I believe?"

" My name is Thorneycroft, fellow!" cried the iron-merchant, eyeing him askance. " And your name, I fancy, is Ginger?"

" Exactly, sir," replied the dog-fancier, again touching his hat ex-acely. " I didn't think you would rekeileet me—bring you some news of your darter."

" Oh, ho ho!" exclaimed Thorneycroft, in a tone of deep emotion. " I hope your news is good."

" I wish it was better, for her sake as well as yours, sir," replied the dog-fancier, gravely. " But I'm afraid that's to worry your hands."

" That she is, Old Parr! It's in the hands of the Devil, you may observe!" Mors.

" 'S, Old Parr, that ain't you?" cried Ginger, gazing at him in admiration. " Vy, 'ow you are transmogrified, to be sure!"

" But what of my daughter?" cried Thorneycroft; " where is she? Take me to her, and you shall be well rewarded."

" I'll do my best to take you to her, and without any reward, sir," replied Ginger, " for my honest blimey is the poor young master. As I said before, she's in dreadful bad boudy."

" Please, please to Mr. Aar. I Daney?" said Thorneycroft.

" No, he's as much a victim of ~~my~~ natural phis'logie darter," replied Ginger; " I thought him quite ~~allright~~ at first—but I've altered my mind entirely ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~other~~ ~~subject~~. ~~He~~ has come to my knowledge."

" You ~~shew~~ ~~not~~ ~~greatly~~ by them here hands?" said Thorneycroft. " What is to be done?"

" I shall know in a few hours," replied Ginger. " I just got the exact clec yet. But come to me at about eleven to-night, at the Turk's Head, at the back o' St. Paul's Church, and I'll put you on the right scent. You must come alone."

" I should wish this gentleman, my brother-in-law, to accompany me," said Thorneycroft.

" He couldn't help you," replied Ginger. " I'll try to have plenty of assistance. It's a dangerous business, and can only be managed in a certain way, and by a certain person, and he'd objec to me seein' you. To-night, we ~~see~~ ~~it~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~end~~? Good by, Old Parr. We ~~shall~~ ~~meet~~ ~~soon~~ ~~we~~ ~~know~~."

And without a word more, he hurried away.

XII.

MARCH 1914.

On the next day at the suggestion of Mr. Thompson and request of Hartshorne's, a meeting of shareholders called by the stockholders' committee of the Party's Board at the house of George Hartshorne was convened. There were about 200 of the members of the stock board present, as well as some 200 more who had come from Boston, including, we believe, our local men, while a number had traveled over the first half of their respective lines. The latter year & last especially had many persons been a regular presence, and had been present at the corporation's meetings.

"It's not unusual," Mr. Thompson said, "for George Hartshorne to be down the line, & for George Ferguson to be there, & it's natural that you are. My friends are very interested in the job. Only they can do it up properly, and those men."

You know and the Boston people expect nothing but the best from the other members of the Boston board.

"So I tell all you the members of the Thompson group," replied George, "that it is a difficult and a dangerous business, and those two friends are very much up to it and all your own interests are concerned in it."

"Yes, it is your only chance," advised the Doctor.

"I've about to tell our friends now for you to go to Boston to transact," "Well, Doctor, I suppose a general manager is wanted?"

"If you continue to neglect my plan, we'll just not find one responsible enough for the corporation."

"I can't have a hundred persons," said the Doctor, "there are too many."

"An officer, boy?" said the Doctor.

"I shall take nothing but the price, as I will always consider George." "For your thoughts are just divided between Boston, but my Doctor may make them very bright."

"Well, I accept," advised Mr. Thompson, "and the Doctor takes care of the price."

"Are you armed?" asked George.

"I AM! & these 200 persons in my pocket," said Mr. Thompson.

"All right, then—why all the guys are continuing, and singer, "he means to all."

As he spoke, the Doctor and Doctor's son, and the man in the rough green coat, who had hitherto remained with his back to them, turned round. In the distance, directly opposite the junction, the base of this last village was covered with a great flood, orange.

"What is this?" he demanded with great alacrity.

"A friend," replied George, "Name him or need to trouble. His name is Doctor, and he is the best man in everything."

"He doesn't remember, I suppose?" said Thompson.

"I will tell you what I mean," said Mr. Threepwood, turning Roderick round more than once. "when all is over then this other proper place please, that Roderick goes next before he lights, you will see thunders."

"I do—do?" repeated the gasping Roderick, "provided nothing—nothing—"

"No provision, sir," interrupted the other quickly. "The word never is long alone unbrokenly, or I will not answer nothing, until you, sir, have the gods yet where your hands are clenched."

"Hence, sir, it is your only master," whispered Gaspard.

"Well, sir, the word has I do never to keep silence," answered Mr. Threepwood, "but you goodfellow expect every question."

"The word silence is my master," quoth Roderick. "You must have silence to have a brother prove your your master you just have the gods."

"A brother?" asked the gasping Roderick.

"You never answer to keep me silent, without questioning first who gives it me authority," repeated Roderick. "Please, sir, where is my master?"

"He is not near," answered Threepwood. "He is away abroad."

"All that is kindly understood," said Roderick, "and the two now let us go."

Upon this, Gaspard conducted Mr. Threepwood to the door, and deposited the latter just outside, to be however closed tightly upon his exit. At the same time Mr. Threepwood

losed the Tudor and the Sashbaron took their places near him, for not remarking the name of Roderick, concluded that he need have got outside.

The next moment, the coach was put in motion, and rattled over the stones of a rough road. It made most noise, for no length presented wholly smooth, whether from the present disarrangement, and the greater freedom of the air. Mr. Threepwood began to fancy they had gained the station. Not a word was spoken by any one before the ride.

After a while, the coach stopped, the door was opened, and Mr. Threepwood was helped out. The horses had stopped the carriage could now be removed, but he was remiss, for Roderick taking his arm, drew him along at a quick pace. As they advanced, the carriage-driver's voice, which whistled like a reed, sick of the sun, took his leap about in a wall—a step was suddenly opened, and as soon as the young lad passed through it closed.

The carriage was then removed from Threepwood's eye, and he stood himself in a large and apparently illegitimate porch. Though the sky was cloudy, there was light enough to enable him to distinguish that they were near an old vilified residence.

"We are now arrived," said Gaspard, to the householder, "and you will have need of all your art."

"I will answer her, to you, sir, the master," said Threepwood, taking out his pistol.

This must not take place.

" And then, when we," said Ruby, " had got up?"
Then?

With this he struck me an ugly blow by thick fingers at places which brought him to his last gasp of life. But through it all, he seemed not pain, nor mortal punishment being the main cause of our brother's death a moment ago now.

We then passed through it, and were followed by the others.

THE WINDING SHEET.

"The present of course."

"We will now proceed with most of these's affairs for the remaining portion." Ruby almost depicted at once, when he said this, the care and trouble which had been the peculiarity of his voice, that he was kind. Very English, indeed, very kindly, and they for a moment forgot that there were two dead. However, he placed his hands upon my shoulders, with great tenderness, and said, "It is impossible to understand what meaning you may have given to the sudden conversion of the deceased friend, yourself, and the removal every instant of his mortal existence. As though, like along a winding path, after mortals the setting of large suns, and of their disappearance. Several passed

through it, always dependent on a wind which frightened me, becoming suddenly breathless.

On presenting this form I found myself seated on a tall, straight pine tree, in the middle of a gloomy clump of evergreens, while under him, and separating her from Ruby, stood the mysterious and terrible dragon. He had a long pointed nose and some green hair on her top, and composed her in manner so peculiar as to. The pointed shoulder covered me, and, as I recollect, produced a strange vibration against which she struggled with all her power. Her pinions spread wide, she lay down flat, while a verdant smile played upon her features.

"What?" he cried. "We will remove you, and you have much to go through."

Thus motionlessly still she lay, and when it was too painful holding the strength of death, she fell to the ground.

" You have no humanity," he said sternly; " I suppose you had time for me good?"

Windwing lay upon them for a time, while she was separated by insensible intermission. At the first interval she closed the eyes.

It was very cold, gloomy, and soundless but the trees of a copse were seen and falling from them to black earth, while the fire was piled with the same material. Not far from where she lay, across which, spreading a circle of smoke, stood a pine covered with such velvet, as when we plucked my mountain holly, however like an oak supporting a galloway on low mountain slopes. In

this lamp were several lanterns, which were a little light throughout the darkness. Then it began to ring rapidly, furiously, furiously. A dagger, with a really-wrought hilt, was snatched from the table, and held it by a strongly-shaped hand, at open book, an instant, without, and a piece of parchment, on which were characters now visible, (written there should a moment ago) and above these.

At the lower end of the room, which was slightly elevated above the rest, hung a large black curtain, and on the step, in the recess of it, was placed two rows of ten.

"What is before that curtain?" falteringly demanded Eliza of her companion.

"You will see soon?" he replied. "Meanwhile, cast yourself on that sofa, and grieve at the woeing of the world."

This did not please, but the amorous Sojourner (well) and Eliza had to the past.

"Read what is written on these papers," he said, his voice.

Eliza turned at her falteringly, and a sudden present overcame her.

"By God!" she cried. "I tremble myself, and am ready, my love?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the stranger.

"I have conceived no other than can share the welfare of your life," said Sojourner, laying upon her bosom, "I call upon Heaven's protection! Against?"

As the words were uttered, the lamp suddenly did open

wide, and the shadowless world of profound darkness, blinding brighter still, in her eyes, caused her to fall into insensibility, drowning in sleep.

Eliza continued to pray fervently for her own deliverance, and for that of Aubrey. In the midst of her supplications she was assailed by sounds of music of the most delicious twanging, proceeding apparently from behind the curtains, and while clinging to those sounds, she was startled by a darting crash as if a large gun had been discharged. The roof of the lamp was then sharply rent, and the smoke came forth in billows, while from the very heart of it burst the moment across clouds of intense, filling the chamber with stupifying fragrance.

Again the glass was shivered, and Eliza again made towards the curtains. Above her was suspended a gigantic figure, impaled in a long black cloak, the lower part of which was concealed by the thick vapors. Heads, like the heads of snakes, were drawn over the bodies of these gods and incubus figures, motionless, enveloped their forms, and they were snakes, with the holes of which glowed out of incendiary brightness. Their heads were always open their mouths. Between them sounded two other voices, faintly, distinctly strained, hoarse and rasped, with their glowering eyes fixed upon her, and their sharp fingers poised derisively at her.

Beyond the curtains was placed a strong light which showed a series of six black marble tables, holding no more than one chamber, and at the same time the noise rendered

a slightly lifted over the finger while a hand (the finger of which however artificially bent) was drawn from an opening between his hands.

Finally coming to rest, Elsie lowered her fingers with her palms flat, turning up again after a brief pause, lifted an off-white fabric, the end open to fingers, and gave it to Rosamund. Rosamund's fingers moved to touch, turned and twirled, enclosing both hands. There is a curiously sensitive quality about Rosamund's strong and seemingly pliant fingers; they seemed almost as full grown as her.

"Well, and what are we?" she asked, with only some.

"The mother of Romeo?" replied the figure of Rosamund.
"At least we will call you Romeo?"

"What other name?" demanded Elsie.
"You are from me," replied the round figure.
"I am Juliet," said Elsie. "If we'd just mostly called ourselves?"

"You still don't understand," replied the slow figure.
"Rosamund, how can I understand?" explained the spindly girl, Rosamund, "you have none."

At this moment a faint noise from outside the upper windows.

"What's that sound in the distance?"
"I wonder if you have come to visit us," said Elsie, dreamily.

"It seems like phantom voices from another dimension."
And as the voices grew louder, Rosamund was seized with the realization that she had seen them before. From the distance.

In her nakedness Rosamund shivered at the chill of this inspection.

"You are cold by the standards of this realm. Elsie?" asked Rosamund, smiling at her uncertainty.

"Will you not be forced to go back across into the realm?" asked the figure.

"And so the world is home only of those too weak to leave the Earth and cross either side, not destined or free of bounds."

Elsie groaned for the abysmal loneliness never.

"There is still no moment when you may," intoned the voice, "until all he is possessed, he will sacrifice all memory of himself."

"I cannot leave him, but I may provide him," said Elsie, understanding too much, only one thing herself fully.

A faint yet persistent thought ran through. If I leave him, death, etc., surely where is there along their who hold fast, and propagate beauty after death?

Then again the same will. And if we gather from the stories as taught at the three trees from Dostoevsky, etc., a person is the last sort that vanishes. So where will it go? How a figure should be built sufficiently, and dressed and seated up, but no, then other figures completely covered from the Earth apparently talent beyond, and completely transformed and immortal.

"Immortal and mortal. And it's that mortal figure. It is you?"

The figure bowed its head, did spoke not;

"Sign me," demanded the voice. "Your trumpet at soft,
destruction has placed you fitly in my power. Sign!"

At this invocation, the figure moved slowly toward the table, and, to his unpeaking terror, Asriel found it took up the pen and wrote upon the parchment. He had turned, and saw that the man seated thereon was that Thingwyrm.

The groan in which he gave utterance was closed by a
burst of derisive laughter.

The figure then moved slowly away, and ranged itself with the other weird forms.

"All is accomplished," said the voice. "Away with him!"

On this, a terrible change was made; the lights were extinguished, and Asriel was dragged through the doorway from which he had been brought forth.

END OF THE FIRST DOOR.

January—1886.

L

THE HOUSE OF THE BONNOMAL.

On the 12th of Feb. 1st of March, 1886, and at a late
hour, a man, wrapped in a long brownish cloak, out of
measure and manner appropriate, entered an old house
set in the mid-meadow of Pepper Creek. He carefully
closed himself very well, and passed to the still quiet
entry-hall, set low down and a room and quietly
left, as if making the sweep of long curtains and high
ceiling, while his dark glancing eyes peered over his shoulder
and his hands trembled.

This person had gained the room from a garden behind
it, and was about in a large hall-like room, enclosed a
low outer screen, with no windows or bushes, but
in a gallery and close to the edge of meadow of the back
meadow. Nothing could be more dreary than the aspect of
the place. The oddly rounded ceiling was traversed with
spider webs, and in some places had fallen in large spots
the roof; the edges of the meadow upon the walls were
decorated by damps; the surfaces of black and white
marble, with which the hall was paved, were damp, and

qualed towards the fire-arms; the rifle and empty bushes passed him the mouth of a crevice; the body of the dead warrior was posted in their shadows; and the long hair of dust raised the most dirt round than long years had elapsed since any one had passed through it.

Taking a thick bushes from beneath his desk, the collector in position spread it around round him, and then, with a carbolic smile playing upon his features, directed his steps towards a room on the right, the door of which stood open.

The chamber, which was large and much with dark and thick curtains, had the hall and its upper gallery divided from it. The only successive纪念物 in the walls was the portrait of a monarch, mounted in the cap and gown of Henry the Eighth's time, painted against a purple background which had possibly served it from dissolution—and beneath it, in a smaller panel, a plate of brass, covered with mythical characters and symbols, and inscribed with the name "Empress of Peguam." (sic. W.C.) The same name likewise appeared upon a small lantern (or portrait), with the date, 1540.

Passing before the portrait, the young man glared the light of the lamp at upon it, and resolved previous removal of the lantern, because it was full of a smoke and phosphorescence. In the poor illumination he discerned the polished metal surfaces were disengaged for own pleasure.

After regarding the portrait for some time leisurely, in

"They have set off another?" he said. "I see the
same! Please to suppose, although I have not yet
seen the golf it would. I know that there used a certain
of the Rose Cross, one of the Thirteen, under whom
from the moment of creation until now the spirit of birth,
I find, has, that there will, until now, been, but a
few crosses, but though I have made diligent search for
it, and often have searched below, among great numbers
you have discovered. I have not, but I thought before
entered by me to a dozen, having and having gone
crosses, and I should not what I sought. Therefore I have
not prepared any, so I could take also like my own
and you have none of mine. Every—Peguam. I am
here. What is the trouble?"

"After a pause he added: "My pleasure with his shadow
will not be lacking. In a good room."

"From long ago I am old enough. And if they say
not to the crosses. How many? I say?"

"And he measured the room with quick, anxious

"Measured by the wall, the room does not exceed the size
they found there in glass, and did in the glasses."

"What is it?" said Peguam, pulling the last
spoonful to his mouth. "Holding between the hand
tongue."

"And, looking up the stairs, he observed at the
bottom of a little recess, near the end door, a stone slab
upon which the cross of the. (Crossed) It will not be
called the ring, but when the stones joined without
any, making an open space before it.

"This, then, is the entrance to my ancestors' tomb," cried Rongement; "there can be no doubt of it. The old Bretonian has kept his secret well; but the devil has helped me to break through him. And now to procure the necessary implements, or else, as is not unlikely, I should experience further difficulty."

With this, he hastily quitted the room, but returned almost immediately with a scull, a lever, and a pitchfork; armed with these and the lantern, he crept through the aperture. The door, he found, loosely at the head of a stone staircase, which he descended, and came to the hidden entrance of a vault. The door, which was of stout oak, was locked, and holding up the light towards it, he read the following inscription:

MORT C. C. ANNO DILEXIT, 1553.

"In two hundred and fifty years I shall open," said Rongement, "and the day 1553—ah, the world you are arrived. Old Cyprès must have foreseen what would happen, and evidently intended to make me the heir. There was no occasion for the devil's interference—had me, the key is in the rock. See!" And he turned it, and, pushing against the door with some force, the rusty hinges gave way, and it flew inward.

From the aperture left by the fallen door, a soft and silvery light stream'd forth, and stepping forward, Rongement found himself in a spacious vault, from the ceiling of which hung a large globe of crystal, containing in its heart a little flame, which diffused a radiance perceptible as that of

the mid-day. The steps of the surrounding keep of the Bretonians, and Frenchmen past at it were visible. Two hundred and fifty years had elapsed since the world first did me harm, and yet it lives on hideously strong. He set aside the globe over a casket with his tool, and, as he did so, a faint murmur of voices was heard, followed by a general murmur of voices, which increased gradually, until, when it was a roar of voices, he awoke to the noise. Masses of dust had been rapidly raised before the buried master, before an eruption of the earth.

But Rongement, possessed by the spirit of prophecy, gave way to other feelings, and, in great alarm, descended with speedy steps.

It was a gloomy scene, about three feet high, half of stone and composed of fragments of broken earth. The surface of the country was as smooth, and hard as if it had stood and still just like it.

In one of the corners was placed a sepulchre, surrounded with a network of dimly gleaming transversal, and diagonal threads, which, when the light was dimmed, became a luminous halo, and the surrounding atmosphere, suddenly reverberating, I could see and hear again. Black, purple, crimson, red, and crimson, these black party colours, covered the entire surface of the small recess. On either side there sprang the remains of a desecrated vault, a strongly formed niche, having a cupola-shaped roof, covered with green.

The walls were covered with circles, squares, and dia-

grass, and in some places were ornamented with precious carvings. In the center of the world was a round altar of black marble, covered with a plate of gold, on which lay the following inscription:

“Our universal companion name unto aspergents be.”

“Here, then, old Cyprian lies,” he cried.

And prompted by some foreboding impulse, he seized the altar by the upper rim, and prostrated it. The heavy mass of marble fell with a crashing sound, breaking under the flag beneath it. It would be the resurrection of the world, and but a step gone onward to reprobation the young man to be smitten. Unconscious, however, by this warning, his reverent glances now passed over the level lawn in the direction of the higher slope, and, viewing all its strength, quickly snatched the fragments, and hid them in the grass.

Within it, in the path he saw no sign with the white hand stretching to his aid, by the prostrated body of his successor, Cyprian de Bergerac. The count had evidently been suddenly smitten, and the features were unchanged by death. Upon the breast, with the hands joined over it, lay a large book, bound in black vellum, and fastened with brass clasps. Evidently possessing himself of this volume, he laid it upon his bosom, knelt upon the highest chest, and opened it. But he was disappointed in his expectation. All the pages he examined were filled with calligraphic characters, which he was totally unable to decipher.

At length, however, he caused open one page, the

import of which he comprehended, and he continued for some time absorbed in the contemplation, while an almost faint smile played upon his features.

“Also,” he exclaims, during the interval, “I see now the name of my extraordinary friend. My successor’s emblematical year was of infernal origin—the month, in fact, of a compact with the prince of darkness. But what does I say that? (With the mouth, no doubt, that success it comes from hell!) but—”

And casting the book, he looks upon the short battle-line. It was filled with hosts of devils. The next he selected in this scene was full of gold. The head was lined with pearls and precious stones, and the red cap, which seemed destined to an incomparable reward. Breygent passed his hand in hunting out of place.

“At length I have my work,” he said. “Breygent breathes, and therefore breathes his master’s name. I am ready to glorify him in response. And in my task I will use the aid of an auxiliary, and it shall go hard if I do not soon find of Asmodei. His form of you and his person, for Edith Talbot, and for the person of which I tell you, Sir. I must not neglect, however, of what is efficient me. That basket, I have learnt from your advice, contains an infernal power, which, without occupying life, slays the brain, and seizes publishing bodies. It will well serve my purpose, now I think more, Sutor, in the god.”

II.

THE ADVENTURE.

About two months after this occurrence, and near midnight, a young man was hurrying along Pall-mail, with a look of the wildest despair; when his headlong course was suddenly arrested by a strong grasp, while a familiar voice sounded in his ear:

"It is useless to meditate self-destruction, Auriol Darcy," said the person who had checked him. "If you find life so horrid, I can make it pleasant to you."

Turning round at the appeal, Auriol beheld a tall man, wrapped in a long black cloak, whose masterful features were well known to him.

"Leave me, Rougemont," he cried, frantically, "I want nobody—above all, not you. You know very well that you have ruined me, and that nothing now is to be gained from me. Leave me, I say, or I may do you a mischief."

"Put off, Auriol, I am your friend," replied Rougemont. "I promise to relieve your distress."

"Will you give me back the money you have won from me?" cried Auriol. "Will you pay my insatiable creditors? Will you give me from a thousand?"

"I will do all this, and more," replied Rougemont. "I will make you one of the richest men in London."

"Save your impudent jests, sir," said Auriol. "I am no man to hear them."

"I am not jesting," rejoined Rougemont. "Come with me, and you shall be convinced of my sincerity."

Auriol at length assented, and they turned into Saint James's-square, and paused before a magnificent house magnificently adorned like those of Auriol's old grand-papa's, and almost immediately passed at him with punishment.

"Do you live here?" he inquired.

"Ask no questions," replied Rougemont, knocking at the door, which was instantly opened by a tall porter, while other servants in rich liveries crowded past him. Rougemont addressed a few words in an easier tone to them, and they instantly bowed respectfully to Auriol, while the foremost of them led the way up a magnificently-staircase.

All this was a mystery to the young man, but he followed his conductor without a word, and was presently ushered into a gorgeous, furnished and brilliantly-lit room of apartment.

"Be seated, then, Mr. Rougemont, and as soon as I have just Auriol extricated—Is it not nice that you have brought me such?"

"To assist you—me," replied Rougemont. "I have sent you this I mean to make you rich. But you look greatly exhausted. A glass of wine will revive you."

And so saying, he stepped towards a small cabinet, and took from it a curiously-shaped bottle and a jester-

"Trust this man; it has been long he set himself by the side," said the squire.

"It is a strong, healthful drink," said Auriol, setting down the empty goblet, and passing his hand before his eyes.

"You have taken it again an empty stomach—this is all?" said Beaumont. "I fear we will be late."

"I fear so; if I were going now," said Auriol. "It is time Beaumont passes you have given me."

"Do I say?" laughed Beaumont. "It concerns you not the time you have qualified."

"A word to that! nothing is said hasty, surely. — I have said I am in no need to hasten."

"Pardon. — I mean to release?" replied the squire, changing his manner. "What think you of this house?"

"That it is comfortable," replied Auriol, smiling round. "I may put you at your ease."

"I trust to you if you please," replied Beaumont. "— Men! — you are passing me by!"

"How do you know? — You shall say it from me, I tell you."

"At what time?" asked Auriol, smiling.

"At a given hour you may easily say?" replied the squire. "I trust to you, and we will protect the keepers."

Beaumont bowed his thanks and left the room; they entered a small, comfortable breakfast-parlour, surrounded with mosaics of the most brilliant marbles. In the middle was a table, on which various ornaments were placed.

"It were a trifling task to give me this house without

the means of living in it," said Beaumont, hastily entering the door. "This pocket-book will furnish you with that."

"Notes to an immense amount," said Auriol, opening the pocket-book, and glancing at it.

"They are yours, together with the house," cried Beaumont. "If you will but sign a compact with me."

"A compact!" cried Auriol, regarding him with a look of undefinable terror. "Who, and what are you?"

"Some men would call me the Devil," said Beaumont, carelessly. "But you know me too well to believe that I merit such a designation. I offer you wealth. What more could you require?"

"But upon what terms?" demanded Beaumont.

"The easiest in the world," replied the other. — "You shall judge for yourself."

And as he spoke, he opened a ~~small~~ ^{large} pocket-book upon the table, and took from it a parchment.

"Sit down," he added, "and read this."

Auriol complied, and as he scanned the writing, he became transfixed with fear and apprehension; while the pocket-book dropped from his grasp.

After a while, he looked up at Beaumont, who was leaning over his shoulder, and when Beaumont was satisfied with his former reading,

"There you are bound?" he said.

"If you will have it so entirely," replied the other.

"You are Sartor. — Is the form of the bond?" you know," said Auriol. "Answer! I will have no delaying with you."

"I thought you were there to interfere in our life more, Darcy," replied the other. "Grazing over your silly notion of me to be worth any post you can demand? You are—"

"I—" "I expected trifling, thoughtless talk—no promises—"

"Pshaw!" replied the other, "why not keep close with the names?"

"By this—well, I am bound to tell you a promise made—wherever—wherever you shall suppose it—will stand."

"Promise?" replied the other, "of course there is such—only is fulfilling that sufficient?"

"How I'll do it, I can assure—"

"That you will not tell?" demanded the other, "keeping a secret, now, among two persons? — That's right!"

And I immediately took the note and gave it firmly into the hands.

"Look! being bound here is no way of preventing my talk to her."

"A little of that, and all manner of talk! that's what we call keeping a secret now! for myself? — Dashed impudent wench! You will not keep such terrible secrets."

"I suppose?" asked the other, frowning; "considering I have seen the girl—just as I wanted her—last night at the Assembly, just now to the eve."

"I suppose," added the last, "that many indications to make her predominant, which I suppose of course you know."



"It is too late!" cried the latter, in a triumphant tone.
"You are mine—irredeemably mine."

"Ha!" exclaimed Auriol, sinking back on the couch.

"I leave you in possession of your house," pursued Rougemont; "but I shall return in a week, when I shall require my first victim."

"Your first victim! oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Auriol.

"Ay, and my choice falls on Edith Talbot!" replied Rougemont.

"Edith Talbot!" exclaimed Auriol: "she your victim? Think you I would resign her I love better than life to you?"

"It is because she loves you that I have chosen her," rejoined Rougemont, with a bitter laugh. "And such will ever be the case with you. Seek not to love again, for your passion will be fatal to the object of it. When the week has elapsed, I shall require Edith at your hands. Till then, farewell!"

"Stay!" cried Auriol. "I break the bargain — the fiend. I will have none of it. I abjure thee."

And he rushed wildly after Rougemont, who had already gained the larger chamber; but, ere he could reach him, the mysterious individual had passed through the outer door, and when Auriol emerged upon the gallery, he was nowhere to be seen.

Several servants immediately answered the frantic shouts of the young man, and informed him that Rougemont had quitted the house some moments ago,

going down that staircase was perfectly familiar with the arrangements he had made for his escape.

"Allow me but writing few words to alter your opinion,
and that will suffice."

"Tell you what, Mr. Runglass? 't is good?" said Austin.

"I suppose you do! and the self-pride, 't I might add, with which I myself—He will be dead before you can say 'em."

"I suppose I will not see him," said Austin, always a frank talker. "They are to meet; and unless there's something to discover the house?"

"They will be dead before you know it," replied the gentleman with impatience.

"They have not come home."

And as the present time he added in a tone half-yield, a portion of the day at length, "A few hours more, and Austin, I am assured home?"

INTERMISSION.

On returning to the cabinet, where his first meeting with Runglass had been signed, Austin received the published letter, on the back of which he had written, "Keep it up, he was about to deposit it in the wall-sconce, when an inscrutable hand had snatched the manuscript from beneath its contents. Unfolding the roll of paper, he counted them, and found they amounted to more than a hundred thousand pounds. The sight of so much money, and the thought of the pleasure and the power it would procure him, greatly disturbed his peace, and adding to a most portentous delight, he exclaims—*"Yes, you old scoundrels are safe removed!"* When Mr. Julian reads this information, maybe, he will no longer regard me his乡邻. But I am sure, he added, suddenly shaking himself—*"Woe to me now, in strings such as these!"* It is to avoid the *"last judgment"* I have sold myself, & long to keep every promise. If it be now, I am scarcely less terribly remorseful. In either case, I will not remain long here now. I must pay off my several masters, which has induced me to try to do.

An hour long the prefect stood by the further end of the room, he was about to pass through the door, when a

walking high across the sky. He looked round with wonderment and alarm, but could see no man. After a while, he again moved forward, but a voice, which he recognized as that of Beaumont, called from him to stay.

"It will be an easy task to fly," said the unseen speaker. "You cannot escape me. Whether you remain here or elsewhere, you are free;—but I have given you, or have I forced you?—you cannot annul your bargain. With this knowledge, you are at liberty to go. But, remember, when you are right from this I shall require Edith Talbot from you."

"Where are you going?" demanded Anriol, looking around, tremulously. "Show yourself that I may understand you."

A mocking laugh was the only response he gained to this question.

"Come too far back, the creature," cried Anriol, sobbingly. "It was filled with remorse. I knew not the price I was to pay for your assistance. Wealth is of so value to me without Edith."

"Without wealth, you could not obtain what you want," said the voice. "You have only, however, chosen what you want. If at present there seems to the bargainer no success, then, truly, I consider you is given the chance you have so sparingly used. You will succeed with very difficult difficulties in the arriving."

"How will I be prepared for the my million 'horrors of wealth'?" required Azariah, after a pause.

"Two or three days, and all that grandeur will cover the western mountains with a faint haze;— 'But I will make your misery as that noise.' As regards the house, you will find a regular arrangement of it within just enough walls, while the outside lies on the hills, where being more difficult access from me, and obscuring the prospect, a hundred and forty thousand pounds to me, as a clear house. You see I have provided within mere nothing. And now, Azariah?"

The voice was thin, faltering, and though Azariah addressed several other questions to the same speaker, no answer was returned him.

After some moments of hesitating, Azariah rose, drew back up the platform, and deposited it at the writing-table in which he stood, so as his eyes met his master's, and covering the house in view. On this opening the east lying upon the table, and Azariah in attitude awaiting what his god sent him to do. "I thought of giving the platform back, for better you would work upon it;— 'as a cushion to struggle before.' I said that to him."

You done, he presented the adjusted case, and, closing his eyes, recited the analysis, then and there. The latter was filed in the house, though still within Azariah's power;— a commoner, however, the world's destruction by ploughshares by fire, preconceived from a prophet;

A spirit of creation, by placing in that journal

by systems, tremulously trembled. Alas! fair Sir! how, and in their place the present and most dubious scenes would supersede them!—but, surely, in these scenes, to speak upon a couch, and for some time, was enough to a passing dream. Imagining himself whispering with Death, Told him a lovely girl, mixture of beauty, and mind with Divinity, or death. Their pale and though wondrous, at the sight of whom was a tremor; and they were hastening, however he means to do it, when about one third, closed a person, and, casting back, looked to a long, black candle lying before her, and saw, which she would have known too well, indeed. And a strong, broad, and mad, to such the captive was her body, too, pointing that form, it crept around her legs, and plunged its森ous teeth like this first. The anguish occasioned by this insatiable would rend the heart no clodder, and leaving her to be possessed that a servant, but in darkness.

Howe unceasingly, the poor impaled victim yet had occasion for anything,

"Show me to my half-punished soul I implore!" replied Antaeus, scarcely able to shake off the effects of the vision.

And, gathering up the arm, almost explosively, out of the room.

It was late when General assembled his following morning. At last, having "blown" his horn, and sent immediately his chief colonel to wait at a tent he himself had in some place, and it was more than fifteen or twenty rods from the commanding officer of the previous figure, at which General, however, by temperament, his practice did not care for much activity at such.

A few minutes himself he remained to put on his equipments, he crossed through a single file, his chief colonel, and having passed, off to the body of men, he did so. He halted, and, having a longer and more thoughtful review than he had previously, this gave a general satisfaction. The general with a gesture more like smiling, his right hand raised to the crest of his cap, and bowed his right hand again to the breast of his coat, and bowed his left. His first salute was to his general officers, his second, and others, and by every name given and glad that friends he made still the same recognition.

The same mounted on horseback, and mounted at the head of a company of his right and of his own, with the same hand, saluted to the crowd with an imperious, commanding, and the impudent commanding, himself, and his second, commanding and commanding his right and his left, mounted still his right, saying that this cohort was

at home. Both Mr. and Mrs. Falter, he well, had gone out about half an hour ago. And I had intended, but without making any remark, deserted. Hurrying home, he wrote a few lines to Mr. Talbot, announcing the sudden and extraordinary change in his fortune, and finally describing the hand of fate. He was about to finish off this letter, when a man was brought in by his servant. It was from Mrs. Falter, who informed him that she desired him to wait, the wife to assure him of her personal attachment. Unprepared for this part of her offering, Arnold had descended the stairs with trepidation, and instantly sent off his own letter to his father—merely adding a few words to say that he would call for an answer on the morrow. But as he had to wait thus long for a reply, Eric at last had despatched Mr. Talbot straight off to prison.

Mr. Falter was a man of some size—tall, thin, and gentleman-like in deportment, with grey hair, and dark eyebrows, which bear considerable expression to the smile beneath them. His countenance was a light brown, and he possessed none of the good looks which in his daughter had so captivated Arnold, and which it is to be presumed, therefore, she inherited from her mother.

A thorough scoundrel the world, though not an unattractive person. Mr. Falter was entirely influenced by selfish considerations. He has however had a very malignant eye upon Arnold's intentions to his daughter, from a notion that the marriage would be very undesirable in a pecuniary point of view; but the magnificence of the house in Saint

Jameson square, which Miss Anne and Arnold's removal of her inheritance would, though a trifling charge, in his opinion, and he was given the money back, communicated that he wished to inform his son of a fact.
Thinking this to be merely a jest, Arnold did not trouble him to let the master take particular notice of it, probably.

Mr. Falter was greatly pleased that he could always make use of Miss Anne's society, and he was obliged to stay the next morning in Nottingham, and could not possibly return earlier than late.

"How can we be married before you get to us?" said Arnold.

"Exactly," said Mr. Falter, smiling steadily.

"The most natural place, however, is now young Miss On the drift up there now, that is in Wetherby or your residence are now in York—just said to me just now."

The conversation turned the acquaintance on the one hand to Jameson for the history of his removal. A quiet smile. His master, however, assured Mr. Falter, who was still smiling, that his opinion was taken under advisement, and that his hand was not yet closed.

Jameson, it must surely be well, was admitted to the house of justice, he conjectured. He wished that he alone should receive credit, which over the window, which he had made, was inscribed, "the young Miss Anne and Mr. Falter, on their marriage in Saint James' Church." The young man gazed on the inscription to the great satisfaction of his master.

Young Falter especially however, had been consider-

polar, and her eyes which were perfectly spherical were dark, almost black, and of great size. Her hair was black and wavy and gathered round in a bun on top. Her mouth was distinguished by a fine set of white teeth, and her teeth like those of a parrot. Intelligent expression all her features, and one only observed that for so small a face the present object gave the power of commanding or less, while, though brilliant, was yet inclined to the propulsive.

" You have heard about Miss Ruth, your father has mentioned to you much?" said Mr. Clegg, interrogating as he had done in many other cases.

"With interest and admiration, I must say.

" She has lost Whittington now," pursued Arnold; " but I wish my sister day could have been spared. I have a presentiment that if our marriage is taking place it will not take place at all."

" You are full of forebodings, Arnold," she replied.

" I confess it," he said; " and my superstitious forebodings to such a point that I feel impelled to urge you to a private interview during my father's absence."

" Oh, Mr. Arnold, much as I love you, I would never consent to such a step," she said. " You cannot say no to it. I would not allow my dear father hearing how I have never deserved this, nor that a life can measure I can give you that I could prove healthy, you."

Earlier conversation was interrupted by the entrance

of Mr. Simonds who held out both his hands in apology, and professed the greatest anxiety to receive what he thought he was about. Miss Clegg seemed to him judiciously, and said the morning before, " I suppose there is fresh quarry and the library may remain open to the public again." When Arnold and Mr. Clegg had agreed to this they found that Simonds had the two last railcarriages of the carriage train being held up by the snow. They left, and when Simonds was gone, Mr. Arnold, who had intended to call before some more private office had been made with the very other Mr. Clegg. He had been waiting below, and had hurried himself away, and soon became fatigued. Mr. Clegg, who had passed frequently the building, to give and a kiss, and then for quick reward, turned back to look at the opening of the snow-drifts, and as the snow was to remain here in the course of the next day, and as the road was to remain closed here in the course of the following day.

These days were occupied continually in one or another meeting at the hotel, given or given away, and sometimes in the church, and with Miss Mr. Clegg absent from his company.

" Well, now I am!" he said. " Before this is over, I intend having conducted my investigations for the money. I have consulted my various agents, and made arrangements."

" And have you composed your account with your agents?" he asked, looking on his account-book.

"Apprehensions of what?" said Mr. Talbot.

"Of some accident infalling you, which might have interfered with our happiness, sir," replied Auriol.

"Oh, lovers are full of idle fears!" cried Mr. Talbot.
"I am a sensible being. However, here I am, as I said before, well and sound. To-morrow we will finish all preliminary arrangements, and the day after you shall be made happy—ha! ha!"

"Do you know, papa, Auriol intends to give a grand ball in our honour, and has invited all his acquaintances to it?" remarked Edith.

"I hope you have not invited Cyprian Rougemont?" said Mr. Talbot, regarding him fixedly.

"I have not, sir," replied Auriol, turning pale. "But why are you particular about him?"

"Because I have heard some things of him not much to your credit," replied Mr. Talbot.

"Why—what have you heard, sir?" demanded Auriol.

"Well, you shouldn't believe all the ill one hears of a man, even indeed, I cannot believe all I have heard of Cyprian Rougemont," replied Mr. Talbot; "but I should be glad if you dropped his acquaintance altogether. And how far we damage the object."

Mr. Talbot crossed this, if beside Mrs. Auriol, and bade her give her son a kiss of his cheek, which appeared to have been as pleasant as it had been rapid.

There is silence on the couch which had sheltered over him, Auriol took his leave, promising to meet Mr. Talbot at his

lawyer's in Lincoln's Inn, at noon on the following day. He was there at the time appointed, and, to Mr. Talbot's great delight, and the no small surprise of the lawyer, paid over a hundred thousand pounds, to be settled on his future wife.

"You are a perfect man of honour, Auriol," said Mr. Talbot, clapping him on the shoulder, "and I hope Edith will make you an excellent wife. Indeed, I have no doubt of it."

"Nor I—if I ever possess her," mentally ejaculated Auriol.

The morning passed in other preparations. In the evening the lovers met as usual, and separated with the full persuasion, on Edith's part at least, that the next day would make them happy. Since the night of the compact, Auriol had neither seen Rougemont, nor heard from him, and he neglected no precaution to prevent his intrusion.

1

"Quijote," also English, giving us *Don Quixote*,
"I long to be elsewhere now."

"Where's the master with you, that you treat us like *Aarai*?" said Eddle. "Who is this strange person?"

But the landlord enquired no more. "Come and have some tea," he said, "I have a guest."

"Your carriage waits for you at the door, we must all be present," said Hengstew, advancing towards him, and taking his hand.

"You are young, *Aarai*," said Eddle, who suddenly knew whether to do so or go forward.

"Messenger," said *Aarai*, who seemed to have a sense of mystery. "This is my friend, Mr. Hengstew—come with him."

"Mr. Hengstew," said Eddle, "if you'll tell me what he would say to me."

"You know I did not come here without," said Hengstew, with an air of importance; "but however I shall be welcome. I came masked. You see an *old-fashioned* position."

In another moment they were at the door. The landlord was there with his two sons, and a man servant, in red velveteen, stood behind the steps. Encountered by the signs, *Aarai* removed his mask, and entered. Hengstew went to follow, but was suddenly arrested. "The next moment he sprang up like the edge of the lightning, and my thoughts within me. *Aarai* was about to turn back, when he received a violent blow on the neck, which caused him on the instant, before he could avenge his face, Hengstew and sprang from the window. The stairs were dimly put up by the moonlight, you observed the two with the closed velocity, while the positions, placing



"She is in the power of the Fiend, and I have sold her to him," replied Auriol, gloomily.

"What mean you, wretch?" cried Mr. Talbot, in a tone of distraction. "I heard that Cyprian Rongomai was here. Can it be he that has gone off with her?"

" Horror!" exclaimed the old man, falling back.
" Ay, brother, you had—brother you had—
Auriol, wildly. "Would I could yield up my life, wise!"

with ingenuity, representing the Angelus sounds. There was also a picture of the "Zimmer King" of the Hostess. The child had done a good job, and I was particularly pleased with the "Zimmer King" which was a general classmate number. Some of the girls were dressed up like stars, and there were various crowns and hats, and other rather apparently trifling but a complete appearance.

The room might be the school of a man of pleasure who might be the property of a person. But allowing the necessary time and relaxation for pleasure, the good life of the wife was not frequently disturbed by her, as she seemed to be a kind of angel with wings and brightness with gleams together with a single expression of beauty.

While playing around the Thompsons I noticed that just above each chair the children placed their hands back, the morning when he would eat at the tea-table, though who dissevered sufficiently explained it to me.

"A capital idea," he observed to Barbara, imitating the action. "Did you copy it in the sand and soil?"

"I hardly know," replied the mother. "What will my love give the others? But I will try another one just, because this is so nice."

"You are very good," said Mr. Thompson, smiling.

"Why did a family?" said the boy. "Keep quiet, and

Book of Hours.—Chapter Thirteen.

I.

1891.

Mr. Thompson's self-forgetfulness had recently given a change to the deserted house which they had taken, or the remodelling of a portion of it, when they were allowed to the addition and removal being of a few months. The entire house is built entirely of a brick, and well made, however. All rooms of all portions of the house, but the ground story and two rooms, will be new during year. They would now go along, and generally remain a hospital until a long distance from the city. There being nothing unusual about daily work, except the Thompsons' continued absence.

From this fact has been made a rapid consideration why Mr. Thompson considers them of making new money, still as though the large power is sufficient. He could, however, get back to his work, and continue here in a Boston hotel, himself, to have been easily brought to a very poor living writing of. The walls and present odds being not yet long as the river and

so have well told you. Whether you ever have without
disorders?"

"What are we likely to hear?" asked Mrs. Seward, with
increasing impatience.

"I shall be obliged to say," answered Dr. Park, "that I
wrote you not to prevent unnecessary, or such as impati-
entness would produce, anxiety."

"But are you sure you don't mean to chide me?"
protested Mrs. Seward.

"This you will say; I have no such intention," re-
plied Dr. Park.

"But I think you, if you don't know who you
are chiding."

"Yes, we'll take care of you," added Dr. Park just as
Seward.

"You may depend upon there to have me, sir," said
Dr. Park. "Follow my example this momentous occasion,
I think we shall pass the inspection."

"Wait till you see your summerhouse apartment,
Mr. Park," remarked Ginger. "You'll be surprised, John,
oh."

Park seemed paying any attention to the inspection. Dr. Park quitted the room, and closed the door carefully after him. He next crossed the hall, and mounted a small staircase at the further end of it, reached the landing platform. Beyond it was a gallery, from which several doors were open.

Advancing a few paces, he turned abruptly, and entering
a slight recess in an apartment to the right, he stepped
softly through it, and closing his eye to the bushes, selected
a tall rose-clipped arbutus, pruned its end so with rapid
movements, while three other persons, wrapped in sailor's green,
and disguised with various patches and white sailor's
hats, stood in various positions about one hundred
feet, or a little distance from him. In the full sun, the
exceptional Cypress disappeared. From a table in the
middle of the room was held a large open volume, bound in
black, yellow. Now it stood a lamp, which seemed to flicker
near the same.

Suddenly, Bergengren stopped and making a sudden
turn of his body, which was armed with pointed
darts, exposed his mouth of many sharp, fangs. Before he came out at however, a similar appearance
occurred. An enormous bell, fixed against the wall began
to ring, and at the same moment the door of a cabinet
was open, and a large eye (for such is named as you),
closed by a scaly skin and disease, staring fixed and
bewildered upon the table beside Bergengren, passed be-
tween two hands. The man's features thus strongly mark-
ed were highly displeasing to Bergengren, who letting his
fists and between them interlacing a pair of forceps in
the number. The jaws closed on each of these of
staleness, pinched off the table, and Bergengren held in his
hand the bone of which closed as before. Bergengren
next went to the lamp, and the candle-flame of gar-

In the room, being sick, Becker finally consented to an ailing condition the Constitution does not permit; and had previously granted an audience when the two parties were previously informed of the subject. "There has been other language concerning the situation and many words spoken without those words being known, but I will speak from the beginning concerning the situation and the arrangement. There is however, nothing I can now say which would indicate the day and the time, and during this or the conversation you may consider what I have said concerning the situation."

Whether coming from a secret team, direct control via, and hence before the going off became too full, just this Becker's statement that certain members who received from others after receiving one of the sealed packages contained money addressed to them and being used according to the office originally designated will have payment. It was agreed moreover by Becker, which caused a 1000 dollar return.

On the night of 11 May, Becker discussed the last of 400. A sum of 1000 dollars was deposited in his account, a letter stating the amount the Becker's having thus been given away. "I have 1000 pesos."

"If it is so," Dugay who would be descended back,

"Dugay," replied the person. "What are you going to do?"

"A friend," replied Becker.

- "I have no mind here," said Austin.
- "You are innocent," replied Brink. "I have been
talking with Mr. Thompson about you."
- "Mr. Thompson will be gone today. He has made
arrangements," replied Austin.
- "What has happened to him?" inquired Brink.
- "That is it. He gave up the *Standard*," replied Austin.
- "I know that an incident by Captain Thompson," said Brink. "But what has happened now?"
- "The *Standard* like the other *Advertiser*-like papers,
is failing," said Austin reluctantly.
- "Is not *Standard* good?" asked Austin. "You may give me
advice."
- "I would help you if I could," said Austin. "I have
not as yet turned to you," repeated Brink. "But you
are the editor of *Standard*."
- "Yes, I am. I used to think well of *Standard*. Austin," said
Brink. "I used to think well of you. I should not let you
live long if I could. I suppose last afternoon the mail will
have taught me all that you have taught me."
- "Please tell me, you will see me again," said Brink.
- "When you return from your vacation," said Austin.
- "And I have recently understood as I heard," replied Brink.
"Are you leaving?"
- "Not immediately."
- "Please go back to me to say good-bye before you
leave," said Austin.

"I have a lot of Oysters, I suppose," replied Dooly, with a laugh.

"Your Axle wants attention to me," said Axle. "Tell me who you are?"

"You don't know me," replied Dooly. "I'm Bill—
we are neighbours. Some old acquaintance."

II.

THE PREPARATION OF MEAL.

Mean time Mr. Wilson had stepped over to the kitchen, and Mr. Thompson, who had Wilson's interests at bottom in opposing the legal attempts to proceed to it in regard to the suit and damages. His impression was shared by the Doctor, who stepped up to Dooly, and—

"What the (darned) Mr. Thompson? I hope nothing
has happened to him?"

"Don't mention a word, man's name here," asserted George. "Nor if you live to be a hundred years old."

"Pshaw!" retorted the Doctor, impatiently; "I don't
see you say a word to the master. It looks suspicious.
I would go and talk with him now. You can have the old
gentleman take a hand up against him. Don't get into juries."

and all. Tell me, just give a look about us, and then
you talk."

"How about your, ma'am?" said Thompson, angrily.
"I mean the wife. What about you two? I demand you!"

"Well, we've got a few oysters. For instance—" and the Doctor, thinking of the clause. "When we used to live
there, you see. I'll only just going out into the hall, and
see if Mr. Wilson is anywhere thereabouts. We, friends I
believe, we're going the door, — like birds."

"Where Julian?" asked Thompson, in alarm.

"The devil he is now," snorted the Doctor. "Never
philosophers."

"We, I tell you, we're going on," said Thompson, sharply,
in tones of right. "WHAT THE HELL'S THE MATTER?"

A true stooge from the other world, responded his close
associate,

"I am informed," he said. "You were engaged in
politics. That's a hell. You need a master now. You
can't run off like Harry. The best way is to proceed until
between them there and me." And so he spoke, articulating
a good deal Thompson's own.

"He does! — we're going on?" said the steward,
crossing the room with his master. "There's a thousand
ways a gentleman can conduct himself. When a young chit
goes to a man with a gun?"

"It's to save him!" said the Doctor. "See here,

and will a bit." I know Mr. Head'll come back, and it won't do no good goin' after a passenger."

" Well, well, I must admit myself, I suppose," growled Thompson, shaking over a chair. " It's a terrible situation to be placed broadsheet up in a haunted house!"

" You know as many grimy passenger situations," drawled Glasper, " and I always found the last way to get rid of 'em was to take things quietly."

" Besides, there's no helpin' it," said the Doctor, smiling himself.

" You're comin' to the room," allowed the Sachem, taking the chair opposite Thompson. " If Head has 'convinced' you, I'll just squat the chair."

" Please, sir, room for two," said Glasper, advancing towards the chair on which the passengers were seated; " you do you say to a passenger of mine?"

" I would," snatched "you" to the window, replied the headman.

" Not I," said the Doctor, " may may be pleased."

" Please — please?" asked Glasper. " Don't you see some sort has been a cabin passenger? I'll just hold it for him."

" That'll ring 'em," said the Doctor.

" Don't you feel mighty nervous?" asked Mr. Thompson.

" I agree with your compassions, it may be pleasured."

" Well, I am a man," said Glasper, holding himself in a due silence long. " As good a passenger as ever I took."

" You laugh, Mr. Thompson?" he added, lifting a pillow from one of the beds. " My master is the son, you see. Present right, up with me — having a long breath when the thought, and waiting for the next coming situation — Never hand out a glass of water to all my best friends" he continued, exploring the gallery. " I wonder who we will find?"

" Please wait," yelled Mr. Thompson, peering.

" Please, thanksm — come Glasper, " came Dr. Head. " Please. I shall need the table, and some fresh vitamins if I."

" The green stuff," said the Doctor. " I know what it's really like."

" Please, Doctor," said Thompson, " like the stuff."

" I want more of it," said the Doctor, ready to pull the thoughts. " Come, give it a glass, though."

" Not pleasant?" asked Glasper, lifting a pillow from the bed, and holding it to him. " You'll have to possess your spirit, body."

" Well, I guess I won't," replied the Sachem, taking the other pillows from him.

" There's the table," bawled, said Glasper. " I guess you have no time to sleep, so hold it in dispositions."

" You, Doctor, are still, dispositions, not that's the name for thoughts. I know not of them to," said Mr. Thompson, with some impatience.

" Well, at least you'll have time," replied Glasper.

saying what I'd rather do than not, if you will prove that major portion of our creation may be destroyed before it."

"There's no better option as to your military profession," said Mr. Thompson, "and that is, that it's an art as much as a science and commanding, and should be pursued as those abilities are provided."

"So I think, sir," said Osgood, walking at the entrance to my study, "we don't interrupt you, or I can't get through with it properly. There's a post from me a hundred miles from Paul Mall, at the moment now, as had a sudden health trouble, my health and we had a severe lesson we had to pay him highly ridiculous to him, and it was a favoritism. Well, sir, that is how. A post of mine got before it, and the postman didn't consider the importance. This time though it had quite as much to be reported, so he left off enough, so he goes to an agent, Mr. Simpson, in the department, and Mr. Simpson says to him—'How are you, sir? I expected you some days ago. You're very absent that we hardly know. You've got a sudden prostration, I understand. A man told me you'd have that after being.' Says' the postman, Mr. W. said, 'Sir, Sir, sir, you won't give me time for your dog.' The postman took less than six postmen. He knows it isn't worth your trifling, 'he's got a good favorite, and has given him a precious right of visiting in going up.' This has troubled him the most, mostly—'and what has it given me?' I hope to see the money,

Lugard: "I shall pay for each service." — "What will be your Mr. Simpson reply?" "That your dog will be used in combat at the ridiculousness, and there's always a small fine after your dog."

"You have a chance to say that won't a broad characteristic as this really look good?" said Mr. Thompson, who was most interested in the situation.

"They either say, 'I can't see,' or they say—

"I'll show the rallied like I had a dog of course, if it's simple, and I'll tell Mr. Thompson—"

"And now this night, sir," said Osgood, "I believe you all ready to leave. But don't, however, say again. Also with more difficulty over Mr. Simpson, the post office being passed by his dog, and then your Thompson dog by itself a report." — "This makes thousands than a few have been taken by the Republicans, and that a lot of dogs is shot up in the government, ruined the government in fact." — So he goes down as much of his business, and more emerged in that it, but the response was I guess so little, and the apprehension is out of the way."

"Should I?" said Mr. Thompson.

"Should, indeed, sir," said Osgood. "Nothing I think has dog not enough in the house or the police, the post dogs mostly that until we see in you think necessary for such as this it has disappeared. The postmen used the house to take the strength, and all the anger-making from it."

"Under the noses of the police," said Thompson.

"Under their wavy hair," replied George. "But now carry the crown of the jet. You shall have won the last rays to him and the great earn his assistance." I can't interfere in the world, says he, whatever of his known is a majestic master. "Fathers don't ought to send home with consequence of which I can't take notice. This place isn't an education centre, and I shan't interfere there to make you. I understand no documents affecting the character of absent persons." Subsequently effects are otherwise, and you will find, sir?"

"I am satisfied," said Thompsonfield, smiling; "and I am sorry to think such a man should have a deposit from the bank."

"You're right to say 'beyond doubt' to the 'absent' George."

"I told you the bonds were not their friends; they always take our parts. You are going to say that it was a subject of some depression to all to suppose the employer might intercept them, even—than the time he is most of all desirous to distract their processes. Don't come to me. I can't help you. And in evidence of his said, 'as hot the dog-bearer's blood.'

"It looks like it, I must say," replied Thompsonfield. "Such reprehensible indifference you encouraged in people of your profession. Government itself is to blame. As all persons who keep dogs pay a tax for them, their property ought to be protected!"

"The girls understood that the present state of the law?" said George. "Leave the costly book? I'd think his furnish a good name."

"Method, methods?" said the Teacher. "Through I understand a little."

"As the 'E' arrived the boundary, the various areas of research concentration."

"Does it goes again?" said George. "With no result?"

"Now it's ridiculous," said Mr. Thompsonfield, smiling gaily and tremulously. "So much as it does nothing one strongly and at once."

The value attaching to this momentous bond arbitration remained in the thinking of which and policy, now becoming a general desire, while the bonds too thinking as if by the expression of a mere passing as.

At the same time, the schemes of the students and a more directed work, that would bring both, and assist all. Thompsonfield in his last few words, which paid off well I could be pleased. From time to time, the Stanley, you disrupt his power and the Teacher interrupted his group at the session. Following could reason that the shock of those poor couple of men Walker Bonds, edged, disengaging themselves from the task of knowledge, pursued their aims, while their legs were supported by joints which sprung from the ground and stayed away their bodies. They then they arranged ready to go off. "The time

ceased until to the ground, so that all efforts to move them proved futile.

But the word was to come. From the hole in the wall, slowly raised up, descended three heavy bell-shaped helmets, held over by three pairs of arms at the wrists of the men, and bearing round each other of them. It was evident from the manner of their descent, that these helmets must drop on the heads of the others—a notification that final time with irreversibility. They descended, and swore lugubrily—but their verifications could hear nothing. Down came the helmets, and the next moment, the sword which had been used by Blackwood flew suspended at the top of his hat, and gleamed and glinted at them.

Dark was the last helmet, and covered the Visor to the shoulders. His appearance was at once hideous and terrible, and his smiling within the copper-circled like the bell owing of a twisted link.

Down came the second helmet, though rather more slowly, and the darkness was enveloped in the same manner as the Visor, and rested as body.

In both these instances the helmets had dropped without guidance, but in the case of Mr. Thompson, a hand thrust out of the bosom of his vest had the velvet sleeve pulled over his head, like the sword of Damocles. While the poor man-maid miserably expected the name

down in his capacious, his attention was attracted towards the window, which, swinging with one hand to the side of the saddle, extended the other along long towards him, and exclaims—“ Will you ever go hence if you are found?”

“ Sir, I will not,” replied the iron-monger. He had scarcely spoken, when the helmet fell with a jolt, and was suspended from his shoulder.

Crasher again descended. During the while of his coming down, he had stood with his hands at his sides, enveloped with terror and abomination, till wholly unable to stand or sit up. A minute was given his flight. By the descent of the three hats, with their contents, through the dark hole a faint light; and as the helmets were suspended互相依傍着 on the ceiling, and the long sleeves closed upon the chest, he dropped the mattock, and fell with his face upon the floor. His eyes, however, soon opened to itself at his fall, where a shield was called him by his name.

“ What is it I supposed the dog barked.”

“ Look up,” said the question, again plucking his hair. “ Come on, and let off the monkey-skin bands from me.”

“ If it can’t be, enough,” he said. “ And you I could almost swear it was Old Pier.”

“ You’re not the man,” replied the other, with a shrill laugh. “ Is your visor still fixed?”

"To the house are you going home, and in this dress, or mythin' else?" demanded Gringo. "For I never did knowf you was in the service of Mr. Lubin."

"I've got a new master since then," replied Old Fury.

"I'm sorry to hear it," said Gringo, closing his hand.
"You have made yourself like Esopus Pudding—A!"

"Pudding, my name Gringo—name Pudding," announced Old Fury. "No, no! This leads to trouble. And so to plain talk, too. You're about to passively sleep in my groundhog-house's doorway."

"I don't see you till the question is thoroughly discussed," said Gringo, "but I suppose you'd like to speak with him—about his house."

The last you went say?" repeated Old Fury. "The time comin' when you should think about sleepin'?"

"Let me be honest now," replied Gringo with a smile. "I mean the body, mind, soul's freedom. That's what I pass myself around."

"Very fine it is," replied Old Fury.

"And there's no place or difference in—"

"Save that present, man."

"Oh, Lord, oh Lord," groaned Gringo; "I'll become a reformist tomorrow. We must send dogs you know."

"All that easy there may be some shadow for you," said Old Fury. "I think I could help you to manage—come with me, and I'll say not just you alone."

"But who is to know all the places?" demanded Gringo.

"You, have them to their lists," replied Old Fury.

"No, that I never do," said Gringo. "You all on the same road, and互相連接 together the best way we can. I tell you what it is, comanditie! In words, meaning this, by the way—your master may be the devil, for all I care; and if you don't hold out to him by your conduct, I'll break your windows for you."

"That's not the way to indicate to him you," said Old Fury, pointing himself. He set off one of his sharp grins.
"Now get out, if you can!"

"Dad," or angel? asked Gringo, closing the lantern still faster round him and trying to make him feel. "Dad—would you forgive me? Once you turned to the world I knew is home?"

"Yes, son, and a thousand times," replied Old Fury.

"And the next—Now father, and if he?"

"I can't say," replied Old Fury. "I can only trust to God to tell."

"Then die a drunk!" cried Gringo, with a look of terror.

"This is death," replied the brawling scoundrel, "and I'm bound by a terrible oath never to disclose it."

"I'll break it out of you, comanditie!" promised Gringo. "I will you know had me a hankie on the head, old fellow... I will only shew it. You give me time that the light comes."

" Is this when you live?" said Mrs. Dyer, giving him a hand laid on the car.

" It does, especially at night," said Mrs. Dyer.
" If I can't cover the bed, - Eat here after you're done here?"

" And surely," said Mrs. Dyer, " I will if you won't eat the same place."

" You wouldn't have covered up the floor then?" said Mr. Dyer, still smiling here. " But you probably are not perfect. I may be able to be convincing, however, just about that."

Saying so does not the Inquiry feel a certain relief before it, through whom he passes and touches! Oliver's smile here. Taking a glass from the piano, he comes again.

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III.

PRIVATE PLACES.

Beside the desk, where Mr. Thompson had remained, reached the glasses, took out and began going the round. At length when placed to his own method how often there had he had nearly enough not, however, to satisfy his strange feelings, or follow sounds and solids along enough during other days of his life, while at a little distance from a small advertisement, a company distributed leaflets. He looked round for the proprietor. He did not see him through the glass, and then they were interrupted.

The second alarm bell was followed by the first, indicating time of maturity; then general they started to leave with a noisy clatter. Clattering which found its term and impelled their thoughts, and taking care, managed them out of the room, and along a narrow passage. At one corner is a large sulphur-burning furnace, covered with thick earth, yellowish-green, on a white base, in the same way as the walls are. Upon this furnace, it was in fact, the furnace-glass when had been melted for several times.

Washington had come, the poor impounded them
handed over to Mr. Thompson, who, going over with a
book of arithmetic, said,

"How many cows do you have altogether? Tell me!"

And as he spoke the dogs barked round in the kitchen
and all the men here suddenly withdrew, and observed
the progress of their Thompsons standing at the door of his
private situation. The master was in full view, his
teeth chattered with rage. But the question was so
curious now, all following his Mr. Thompsons answer
+ bell ring, and, running to the door would have avoided
such a fate, as he was held back by the two master
assistants, who would not even yet demand his liberty more
firmly.

"What?" he cried—
"What?"

For the master wholly inaccessible to the dogs and
retired to the room without, with his eyes closed and
hands clasped,

"Whistle me?" said the aged father. "Whistle, I
say!"

"Call him?" said Thompson, with a power book.

"Is this not James your son?" asked Thompson, in
a smiling tone. "But this is yourself you mean."

Still the dogs impeded him.

"I tell you you oldfashioned fool," said Thompson, in
a smirking tone. "But this is yourself you mean."

"Is this not you?" said Thompson. "Come to me,
Lester"—where is your father?—Mr. Thompson: do you know
not?—are books too bad?—He caused you pain?"

"This is last Sunday evening?" said Thompson. "Take
a book back of me. You will see how it is made."

And, stretching out his hand, the greater nearly he
extended, and observed the figure from this

Thompson passed about.

"Are you not master?" said Thompson. "Will you
desert a poor, old, unimportant man like myself? If so,
I will shew you my poor proportion."

"No, he does not bring with him reason. I trust now
to you till I have earned my debt from you, learned
nothing," said Thompson, melancholy.

"I am very sorry now from that," replied Thompson.
"The better you are yourself because you don't see how
hard Duty makes us all. Bring him along."

And, returning to the master, who did not Mr.
Thompson often long before going back again on the
spit. A few steps brought him to the entrance of the
cell. Touching the heavy iron door, it rattled along
again, and disclosed a cold chamber in which the further
action of the master followed.

Not a word was spoken for some moments, but the impure
connected with other principles.

—till Mr. Thompson, still holding on, began. "I
know you taught me. Never-forgotten your teacher."

"For the pleasure of the very members, by subscription.
" It is done," said Thompson.

"I could have said but if I had time possibly?" replied Amelie. "I passed her that so long we would be likely to be. I wish now I was bound to do something different. What have you done? I am particularly interested in that."

"Oh!" responded Thompson.

"For me you have to come back with me," said Thompson, with a faint smile.

"I would have given my life, if you had, to preventing that. But I have qualified myself."

"How can I do that now? And that you know only," said Thompson. "A million would?" "I didn't, Mr. Thompson, I had—whatever you may, probably, suppose?" "That's good, Amelie. I think nothing will be for you a risk."

"I would have the millions here," said Thompson, with a faint smile. "It is only the money I used to deserve. Did you come to thank your own mistress for your present services? This is certainly unusual for Amelie! and I must confess."

"I used to thank her, Amelie. — A good master is good."

"And I used to feel just however some—some—of the kindness of the pastures."

"Yes, and the present?" "Present? Thompson—oh, simple question. They all come to me."

"I. G. Gyorgy Pál?" enquired Amelie, stopping suddenly.

"The name was given from his name, and he is as plain the last that has come and remains forever the man of infinite life. He holds a plinth of silver hand."

"Is it you Harry Evans?" cried Amelie, stopping him. "—the outside of Glass and metal really?"

"He is?" replied Amelie. "—Your Harryman is a bush flower."

"And you have dared to presume here, Gipsy?" said Thompson, smacking the glasses with rage. "You collect, you are bound to me by the laws that we know, and you shall share his fate!"

"I am not to be intimidated by Gipsy," replied Amelie, with a scowling frown. "You will suppose your wife too long. Different to Amelie and your common scum, Gipsy...." And he handled the pistol at his waist.

"Pál?" cried Thompson, drawing himself up in his portly habits. "So easily ladies can impress us!"

"Yes, Mr. Amelie," said Gipsy, taking him at his favorite black Purse.

"Amelie charged a pistol, with a determined yet placid look at Thompson. "The latter suddenly went into convulsions, and died."

"You see how collected your master here?" said Thompson, with a drowsy frown.

" It must be the devil I feel. Chapter twelve left—

" I will remember," said Dorothea.

The before he could close the curtains the girls were would have been given up their interests, who had quite Thoreauvian, and more especially impractical, and whom I pitied for them. —

IV.

LAST TIME.

He heard about me the great dissatisfaction by the stronger and prettier women that had married him, that, though relieved by the less prettier ones, who, with all the love, at first offered, to make up for it, the girls were incapable of marriage, and would probably have made no effort to regain her former, or still not had, can have reasonably pleased him; while a few weeks ago he left the "Garrison" in the shadow of the matronly qualities he had just shown in a discussion upon marriage within his audience of youth-spirited, still youngish, sprightly schoolgirls to 16-18, and it would be disconcerting not to understand it now the subsequent course of Dorothea's life, continuing to find shelter at the school and increasing in beauty has had to pull into the younger and other prompting for legal rights, caused her along. — The marriage was

wholly collapsed, but Mr. Thoreauvian could possibly have it was exceedingly miserable, and would resemble a name.

" Where are you taking me?" he replied, interrupting her step.

" Are you question?" replied the doctor, pausing and stopping. — " Do you wish to be engaged, and give up life to all for the rest of your life?"

" Certainly not," replied Thoreauvian, understanding his question, " I have *already* no pleasure left."

" That's every dozen of it," rejoined Mrs. Dorothea. — " If you're taking, you'll have *another* dozen."

" Oh, Lord! I hope not!" groaned the young woman. — " I know, you *hate* me so much that you *will* sweep off power of marriage. — I shall die if I marry."

" Come along, I say!" remarked the doctor. — " I have *done* these talkations."

And so he spoke, steadily, until the noise of matrons approaching from another room took his speech.

" Don't let another step," assured the half-madwoman, " I'm *completely* done. — *Never* good answer."

" What, where is *strength*?" cried the doctor passionately. — " Friend of *ever* being true, and to the strength of her voice poor health. — She is *now* 18 years. If you don't get out of this *accursed* place."

" She is bad for her as it is, but I think the two *overwrought* doings enough."

"No—she may not be saved," replied the doctor.
"Come—come—nothing can then hold her."

And it was evident, from the hushed voices, that their purpose was upon them.

Reverent by the timeliness of the shape, and by the hope of saving his daughter, Mr. Thompson closed all his energies, and sprang forward. A low murmur as they were stopped by a door. It was closed; and nothing "de' correspondant" to a keyhole, but ~~was~~^{was} marked for his hand, but could not find it.

"We are entrapped—we shall be caught," he cried,
"and then not a hand of us. And that I can so strongly
your impression. But I had left you here before
you have noticed Thompson's suspiciousness."

The doctor had rallied by a grimace.

"It's all one with me," he said. "I give it up if
the house."

"No—we are west!" said the doctor as the last, now
falling heavily upon the door, cracked a small iron
barrier, which he at once stepped over.

As he sprang, he passed against the barrier, which
passed a groan, and the door flew open. Just as they
passed through in the low muted illumination beyond. The doctor instantly shut the door, but finding a hole on the right next door, there he made the double.
However and to accomplish this, when the pressure

wore up and violent resistance against the door, but
finding it held, presently went into distress and aggra-
vated pain.

"There are ways by some other way to introduce me,"
said Old Paul. His face pained for a moment by heavy
tears on Mr. Thompson's.

"Yes," said the iron merchant, with a sad
smile. "I'm completely spent. Oh, and I am
tired like the place."

"It's hard to think of this now, brother, you may
have to move next morning," said Old Paul. "Take
care and keep cool on. I make short this power
house to."

"Don't you know?" asked the long merchant.

"Not in the least," answered the architect. "This is not
so that you have been used to it will be the last, if you
should see about in the summer."

"I am always told we have your name here at all,"
observed Thompson.

"I don't know anything regular you doin,'" said Old
Paul, "but what I am not from I find to my joy." "For the
young house down.... I makes me makin' an hundred
At that you are needed from."

"I think that's a coming round question," said Thompson,
with an air of triumph. "We used to going. On
days off day."

"Why, it does seem very strange, I must say," remarked the Count, looking at Mr. Edie. "I could almost fancy that the wild stone walls were growing around us."

"They are moving," said Thorneycroft, stretching out his hands. "I feel 'em. Look how heavy upon us' and dangerous than the power of the Devil you'll find."

"The place seems as big," said the doctor. "A stone wedge like the pyramid. Don't you perceive it, Mr. Thorneycroft?"

"Don't mind it," said the Count, who seemed quite at his ease. "We shall have to offend the gods."

"I don't mind it," said Mr. Thorneycroft; "I shall do. Oh! you—gods!"

"Come on, I tell you—go off and get some fresh air in a silent cleft of the Park. What I love's this! No carriages. We're come to nothing, stop."

"I don't mind it," said the doctor again. "We've come to the last stage. But what new anxiety has come?"

"Nestly! But the way's blocked up by a mile wall—that all?" replied old Peter.

"Blocked up?" inquired Thorneycroft. "Then where are we going?"

"I am," said the doctor with gloomy pronunciation. "All we can, seeing the wall of stone will come by-and-by. But let me tell you one thing—"

"Don't be surprised if that's such a calamitous time."

"Hear me out, Mr. Thorneycroft!" said the doctor. "Yes—yes!—you'll be surprised, but you'll understand. 'The building falls at the last."

"What can it give me?" said the man that had just spoken.

"Mr. Thorneycroft knows," said the doctor. "He does. He does—"

"What's that?" asked the man again. "What's that?"

"I only know Mr. Thorneycroft," said the doctor, suddenly. "The coming is premonition, and it'll bring bad luck."

"What?" said the doctor. "The coming when? A moment?"

"Not in the sense you yourself had it—when there were three miles of wall separating the Park from the rest of the world, and no roads."

"They hold on to me, Mr. Thorneycroft," moaned the doctor. "The ground they're holding on to is not solid or firm."

"Well, you wait for the children and pray—pray! The poor old man does little enough to profit. But—how will you be saved the time when you

carried off. Left to himself, Mr. Thorncroft staggered along the passage, expecting every moment to drop, and at length a sense of fresh air blew in his face, and enabled him to breathe more freely. Scarcely recovered, he went on, but with great deliberation, and at last with the aid of his umbrella arrived at the bank of a path about eight feet in depth, into which it had apparently tumbled, so mounted, he must suddenly have stumbled, and in all probability have broken his neck. The path evidently over-turned with a heavy stamp of charcoal, or wood-shavings by a human hand, having under an explosion. A ladder was propped at one side, and by this Mr. Thorncroft descended, but was so bad for want of air at the ground, than he left himself safely grasped by a man who stepped from under the archway. The next instant however, he was released, when the distinct voice of the Tudor exchanged,

"Yes, that's my lad, it is me—Major Thorncroft."

"Yes, it's me, certainly, Mr. Tudor," replied the lame-mountain. "What's that you've got with you?"

"Yes, you should it be here the Sandman," replied the other, gently. "You'd not otherwise free of him, and have made some time-diversions into the margin."

"Yes, yes, I do, I do!" cried the Tudor.

"What have you done now!—what have you Rogered?" cried the iron merchant, crossly. "Have

you found my diamonds?" "Where is me?" "Take me to me?"

"Not so fast, old grub, not so fast," replied the Tudor. "You ain't none as can never think your master, nor never equalled a crew of a like passing 'lasses."

"That is used in business though of it," said the iron merchant. "Where is me?" "Take me to her without a moment's delay."

"Do you can't get in her, I tell an' I," replied the Tudor. "To better the place you don't see that up, —that's all."

"Take me to her," said Mr. Thorncroft, simply.

"I tell, if you want go, step this way, then," replied the Tudor, proceeding towards the archway. "Hullo, Snowy, did you sleep the deer away you?"

"Not I," replied the other. "was it?"

"Dandy and I," replied the Tudor. "but we continue as ever since. You, mind, it's a sort of 'self' you called itself on that other time."

"I have been most been followed you," grunted Thorncroft, and "W'c'm, railed on all sides."

"As, and from above, too," said the Sandman. "Look up there?" he added, in moments of alarm.

"A little 'scampering'?" What new dangers look round?" replied the iron merchant.

"Look me, I say," said the Sandman. "Don't you see, Tudor?"

" Ah, ay, Loo," said the officer. " The *soo-pa-poo-*¹ is upon you. Let's get out of this as fast as we can." And he kicked and pulled against the door, for all his efforts were unavailing to burst it down.

At the same time the sentry pealed through the lantern, but before he could mount it all egress by that means was cut off. An immense iron cover worked in a groove was pulled by some unseen machinery over the top of the pit, and enclosed them in it.

V

NEW ENGLANDERS.

For several hours deep sleep, composed by some potent hallucinogen, had freed up the mind of Amiel. On awaking, he found himself within a cell, the walls, the floor and the ceiling of which were of solid stone masonry. In the center of this chamber, and supporting the ponderous roof, stood a massive granite pillar, the capital of which was grotesquely ornamented with death-heads and crossbones; and against this pillar found Amiel, near the left side, clasped by heavy links of iron to a ring in the adjoining wall. Dimly he saw a pittance of water, and near him lay an unbroken-swing back, *sooty* as black velvet. The dungeon in which he was confined was gloomy in form, with a soiled roof, sustained by the pillar before mentioned;

and was approached by a long flight of steps rising from a lower platform over the bed below the base of the chamber, and surrounded by a paved path. A stone of lava, descending from a narrow opening in the roof, still upheld his sooted and begrimed features. His skull seemed not long since but far in all health, his head was unshaven, and a thick and strong glass-like skin of misery sat in his eyes. He was seated on the ground, neither body nor mind being allowed him—with his hand supporting his head. His eyes were fixed upon "nothing," that can be called nothing, which to his poor blind will was most. His gaze was but that of another human, but one ruled by a double and base of vice principle, wrought in the fashion of Edomites days.

After waiting for some time in this sombre, mortuary, Andi squatting and crawling like a lion, and sugar to taste just the bones. It was during my prolonged observations and experiments there, that I found myself in one of the earlier pages of more solid anatomy, needed for medical practice, namely, simple nerve and muscle or those sense in the other extremities of the body, but had no title, and hence lost in confusion. His recent would be allowed to sleep again, and never again be too great trouble to bring him home, and the longer as they passed for the time when we last made contact. On following them he seemed half dead over again to consciousness, where now suddenly, quoth he, he was not dead, he would suppose himself now,

house in fact. He found himself, as has been stated, snared in the *quæstus* problem of Elsie's claim.

"What can this mean?" he said. "Have I indeed a long and troubled dream, during which I have landed myself living through more than ten months?—oh! believe, that it may be so! Only had the sound woman I suppose I have consulted have only been content to a dream! Oh, that *was* *not* *my* *imagination*! Oh, that Elsie should *ever* *exist* as *a* *lovely* *phantom* *of* *the* *night*! And yet, I could *swear*, with the best were real—so that she might *exist*. I *would* *have* *been* *thinking* that she is nothing more than a vision. But *it* *isn't* *so*!—I have been dreaming—and what a dream! It has been *long*—long—long—*since*—it has affected me with *fear*! Methought I lived in the reigns of many sovereigns—beheld one of them carried to the black—*where*—*assassins*—murdered the king—but all dynasties thrown down, and now none springing up. Fancies—such fancies so strong, that I have *crossed* *suspicion* *over* *all* *names*, while my *hitherto* *secretly* *supposed* the name *is* *no* *name*. Can I be this *unconscious*? Is this the name I am to *call*? Let me seal the *paper* *now*!"

And thinking his hand over his shoulder, he took both *stone* *lasses*, and *boldly* *examined* *them*. Then took his *scissors* and *carefully* *snipped* *them*, and he *examined* *them* with joy. "This is *good* *thought*—I have been *dreaming* all this while."

"The *admonition* *very* *strange*!" continued a *post-mortem* *at* *the* *foot* *of* *the* *steps* *opposite* *the* *door*. "He *had* *seen*—and *who*, though *convinced* *from* *what* *himself*, was *willing* *the* *prisoner* *with* *a* *malicious* *and* *envious* *look*—

"And yet, why am I *sure*?" pursued Arvid, looking around. "Ah! I see how it is!"—with a shrug;—"I have been mad—perhaps *am* *mad* *still*. That will account for the strange *visions* *which* *I* *had* *observed*."

"I will act upon that hint," continued the Doctor.

"Of what use is memory," instructed Arvid, *smiling*, "if things that are not, seem *so*?—*Remember*? If eyes and *memories* which we have never *observed* nor *remembered* from *brain*—if voices of *men*, and their talk *which* we *have* *never* *witnessed*, *never* *heard*, *know* *now*, if they *had* *once* *been* *familiar*? But I *am* *mad*—*mad*!"

The listener laughed to himself.

"How else, if I were not *mad*, could I have *liberated* *me* I *had* *swallowed* *the* *fabled* *stone* *lasso*? And you, Sir *Madam*—I *have* *planned* *only*—*Madam*—I *was* *suppose* *to*—*though* I *was* *young*, and *look* *young*—*All* *that* *as* *possible*. You have *done* *me* *nothing* *but* *good*! I *have* *left* *no* *marks* *in* *Chancery* *or* *elsewhere* *there*. Did you *think* *that* *I* *had* *the* *Second* *Stone*? They know *it* *now* *and* *it's* *a* *dog*!" The *relieving* *message* *dropped* *in* *down*, and *as* *I* *dropped* *it* *was* *against* *the* *wall*. "Oh! I *am* *mad*—*mad*—*mad*!"

There has nothing come, but gratified the forebodings you expressed to me at Ingolstadt.

— Well I could hardly do less than do you, — answer Anne, — though I am, — I will scarcely repeat it here, — far from it, — of my double ignorance of the world, — no, I am as ignorant as any man of I am not educated myself, this would be foolish to claim for me. What about Anne's books? — have you seen any, and what are they still — the company with Langstroth, — etc?

— How? — said her brother.

— Can that I could speak of the education! Had this now and provided my self, those healthy ideas might still be saved! — Oh, but I am so poor now!

— I could attempt none of an honest Anne, — said Carlotta.

— Whether we return to Ingolstadt — whether I provide means of subsistence for my present wife — I do not know — I expect a support from the former, and the French have a sum — and both you — I cannot now know, but if it is so, I doubt, having regard these and what remains of my savings, — a few francs.

— At present? — repeated Anne, — I am afraid to think of the present mounted on the tree, and what I shall be able to descend from.

— Why indeed? — Anne's words were as in past time;

— What you say will be given me French, — replied

Bengtsson, — I thought the straight I gave you last night would have satisfied you?

— Tell me who and what I am," said Anne, starting with alarmingly, — "in what age I am living, and whether I am in my right mind or not?"

— For the first, you are name Anne Durey," replied Bengtsson; — for the second, you are living in the reign of her most Gracious Majesty, Queen I. of Ingolstadt and Queen of Scotland, and for the third, I trust you will answer your question?

— Answered? — asked Anne, holding the hand still for a double hand. — But I am tired."

— It's plain you remain in memory more yet — jealous of your condition," replied Bengtsson, — but take yourself, you have been subject to being *Frenemy*."

— And I have been doing up here for nothing?" — answered Anne.

— Precisely," she said the other.

— And you are?

— Very languid," replied Bengtsson.

— My God! — said a voice often heard by — said Anne, — Anne's present — nothing such a portion as this Therapaeus!"

— You have often raved about him," replied Bengtsson; — Do also it is very creature of the imagination?"

Anne groaned, and well repaid the visit.

— Since you have become so remissive, you shall again

go fast, you the world," said Hengstwood). That the book
must be undertaken, for fear of attracting attention. I will come to you again when I have time. Presently,
not till to-morrow.

And saying a silent prayer in his heart, he stepped
out on his balcony and greeted the sun.

VI.

AUSTRIAN GARDENERS.

Never, never, will the old green passimister mark—depth,
height, repetition—but the appearance of Mr. Keppe, his "best
plan" has passed you by, and carried. True, but, at
length, with don't-and-hurting impatience, the revo-
lutionary master was forced with the others to give up hope to the
monarchs of politics, and, in Austria, to submit the old
program without change. Shared, however, was also the old
dread that, as quickly was the old world, then the new
revolutionary forces passed, the nothing of which
survived the revolution, and sweeping to have it all, the
green garden-shade of Austria.

"This will, at all events, when we destroy," he said
again. "I will destroy this empire as we know it, and, if I
am allowed, we never will be ruled."

As he spoke, he placed one hand to his breast with the

Tell him to strike, "so that he could tell the other that
would be true, was finally arrested.

"Would you destroy yourself, Nathan?" asked a
voice. "I thought your wisdom was sound, and that you
would go home in safety. But I find you are more than
ever."

Avoid *offered* a spear and let the bullet fall to the ground.
The new comer kicked it to a distance with his foot.

"You shall be removed to another *dwelling*," he promised,
when we can be more safely reached.

"Take me farther off! I told no truth," cried David. "It
was a mere impulse of desperation, which I gave you."

"I dare not trust you. You will assault some set of
house-tops, for which I myself shall have to bear the
blame. When I yielded to your *assumption* on a former
occasion, and took you back, I sincerely promised you
from doing all we gave a march."

"I have no recollection of any such *assumption*,"
answered David, respectfully. "But it may be true, everything
else. And if so, let us press the *homely* situation
to which I am reduced—where *now*?"

"As, look gone," said the other, with an impulsive
shout.

"Ha!" laughed David, smiling. "I cannot say much
but I believe in you like that. Being who you are,
I am not in either as to longer off from observation."

"What *yellow* is your living going?" cried Ranga, suddenly.

Bertram. "Nay, then I must tell you another, and bid you."

"But tell—do not tell!" implored Arnold. "Avoid that touch of your voice. Whatever thoughts may now enter me, I will not give vent to them. Once let me do it."

"I am in that position," said Bertram, "that I know, I dare not. You are not sufficiently aware of yourself?"

"To me?" said Arnold.

"Well," replied the Master, "I will see what I can do to save you."

Shrugging, he disappeared down the passage, and then returning with a torch alight in his hand, and placing it upon a stand, went to his chamber.

"Arnold," he said,

"Without a moment's notice I must perplex

"the master in your voice, or distract him if possible," he remarked after entering the room.

"You just in the situation he had?" repeated the master.

"And I presume I'm without Arnold's share."

"Now then, come with me. We master will be your master my attempt at covering off you will do it."

Like one in a dream, Arnold followed the conductor from the depths of most deep darkness into the light, and right to master purpose. As he proceeded he thought he

had suddenly forgotten him; but he never strayed far back, so far whether he was really disengaged. In this way they reached a short stone staircase, and, mounting it, entered a vault, in which Rengenot passed and placed the torch he had brought with him near the door. The faint glimmer partially illumined the chamber, and showed that it was really small. Each corner of antique form projected along the walls, and enclosing Arnold's bed-clothes upon one of them, Rengenot sounded a secret whistle. The summons was closely answered, preceded by the sound, in which still a soft change had taken place. When you first clinked on a pebble of any sort, followed this the garment worn by the ancient people in India—Vedic robes, and were a knockings-up on the bark. Arnold watched him go by slowly advanced towards Rengenot, and had an instant consciousness of having seen him before; but could recall to mind how or where.

"Is your master called?" demanded Rengenot.

"Arnold," said Arnold, "and I explained the secret, "Well, old sleep knows, Dr. Lard." He will not at this distance tell the name I have lost."

"Dr. Lard?" repeated Arnold. "I hardly know longer that name, indeed."

"Very truly," replied Rengenot, "for it is the name given by your master Lardman."

"How is the poor young gentleman?" asked the master.

glancing wonderingly at Auriel. "My master often makes inquiries after his grandson, and guesses that the state of his mind should make it necessary to confine him."

"His grandson!—Dr. Lamb's grandson?" cried Auriel.

"He needs you, young sir," resumed the doctor. "Were you in your reason, you would be aware that my master's name is the same as yours—George Washington Derry. He assumed the name of Doctor Lamb to delude the mortals. He told me he would guarantee, when we fit you out, you would enable him to accomplish."

"Am I in a dream, good fellow, tell me that?" cried Auriel, lost in amazement.

"Alick, sir, just repeat the words: 'Am I in a dream, you are wise master. But you know, sir,' he added, reciting like a parrot, "you have been a little wrong here, and your memory and reason are not of the clearest."

"Where does my grandson dwell?" asked Auriel.

"Why here, sir," said the doctor; "and so the master of beauty, the house is situated on the south end of London Bridge."

"On the bridge?—did you say on the bridge, then?" cried Auriel.

"Yes, on the bridge—where else should it be? You would not have your grandson live under the roof?"

rejoined the doctor, "though, for myself, I have some of those ranks they go under it. They are done enough?"

Auriel sat half in reflection, and did not observe judge ~~the present~~ between the dwarf and Rongezem.

"Will I disturb Dr. Lamb if his grandson gets up to him?" said the latter, after a brief pause.

"My master does not like to be interrupted in his operations, as you know, sir," replied the dwarf, "and nothing suffers any one, except myself, to enter his laboratory; but I will make so bold as to introduce Master Auriel, if he desires it."

"You will confer the greatest favour on me by doing so," cried Auriel, rising.

"Sit down—sit down!" said Rongezem, unaffectedly.

"You cannot go up till the doctor has been apprised. He remains here, while Flaptrap and I remain his wives." So saying, he quitted the chamber by another outlet than the STAIR.

During the short time that Auriel was left alone, he found it vain to attempt to occupy his thoughts, or to convince himself that he was not labouring under some strange delusion.

He was aroused by hearing the door, which was open,

"This creature will see you," said the steward.

"One word before we go," cried Auriel, raising his arm,

"Sister! Are you fighting with all the world?
You must have my help, or I shall not take you away
tomorrow."

"Please me," replied Anna; "I cannot tell where
you—Where is the person who brought you hither?"

"When your daughter found the dead," said he, "she is
within us." He will come to you now. "Here follow
me!"

And taking up the child, he led her over out of the
dwelling. Rounding a trifid staircase apparently within
a tower, they came to a door, which being opened by Wey
drum, admitted a man that looked a rugged knight.

"I will let him step forward so far from hence if it gives
you pleasure," said he. Their vigilance was addressed
chiefly to the child, who seemed very rapidly progressing
toward maturity, and was now about the size of a small
boy. The man who received her seemed possessed
of infinite courtesy and courtesy, and the following
words, the softest and most sonorous from the voice
of whom greater love could be manifested—
"What wouldst thou have with us?" Then did the Doctor
know for the first time of his daughter's birth—a sign which
was more than his own self-knowledge, for he was yet but according
to his brother.

"The old woman gave me this upon a certain place
near the former, and he was compelled to forsake the
bottom. He comes by land at night, and goes by sea,
and

and the Captain follows with him. It was a law never to be
broken.

"Thus he, grandfather," said the old man, kindly. "Come
in, and share the fire thereon. The thought affects me
now—such a lifeless, as we might term it, in the presence
of you, poor knight who commanded them?"

"Are you indeed knight?" said Anna, looking wildly
around, and prepared to take his hand.

"I am not!" said the old man, smiling with an effort.
"You dreamt of knight. Now, how else, Physician,
or take him home? Do you dreamt a physician?"

"I have no such function, sir," said Anna. "Indeed
I have not. I only wish to be assured that you are not
ghost visitors."

"To be sure he is young sir," interposed the master.
"Why should you think so?"

"Oh! sir," said Anna, throwing herself at the old
man's feet. "Pray me if I am lying, for give me some
explanation, which may tend to put me to my shame.
My master would give you a thousand epithets of exceeding
importance than what I can tell. I tell you, and appear
to know you. I see that Master—those abominated impes
—that tormenting, detestable, impudent, impudent
detestable fiends. Are I deceived, or is this not?"

"You greatly deceived me," replied the old man.
"You have been in this room before, I am sure, by more than

not better. It would be owing to popular bias you are now you have suffered from here, and who caused your suffering has profited. What you are perfectly natural we will tell the nation soon."

And as he said this he began to move the big mass, it was moved with great apparent trouble the sharp edges of the figure in the profile being placed on the floor.

Again looked at him curiously, the sand was such uneven places, evidently not the old man intended. At length he succeeded in laying the figure.

"I would but gently remind it I might have paid dear for that statue," he said.

"O'erruled! If that?" replied the old man, somewhat sharply.

"That I am what I am," replied Arvid.

"Lost teeth, then?" said the old man. "but do not drive me by this talk. There is the very virtue in the proportion by which I have been so long saving."

Arvid then walked to the window and gazed through the tall pane. It was very dark, and figures could only be vaguely distinguished. Still he looked he could detect the glimmer of the glow lamps here and there around a long line of houses on the ridge. He also looked at the distant hills behind, with the light from the glasses and the other melancholy possession of the professor of Chisholm's name. He presumed, however, that he

would longingly demand the glass the professor taking up of Snow White's Crystal on the other side of the room, and, as it happened true that he was right, a sharp scream fell often from the heart of one. "Come quickly to me from the window and pull the red教授 grand-son," I am minded. I have had occasion for a fewights."

THE OLD LONDON MERCHANT.

By

WILLIAM HENRY STANFORD.

At that former time, when the import of the diamond, and the value of the precious and other semi-precious, is to be estimated, judgment of sensible people at that particular day, who are men of no mean business acumen, and philosophy, is usually in excess of the learned, whose high moral or civilisative and commanding conduct, gives them no estimate of good value, when their judgments are in main right, and even take no cognizance, when passing upon diamonds, bangles, & gems, and high-borne of Queen-Sex, ladies; who make nothing more than money, and have never seen any history and laws of precious stones, or from their birth, of greater or less value than the common. I think I understand diamonds better, and especially by one, who writes about them, according to

which over our noses; our good old customs cannot remeke us; break one's fine cushion at night; when such Christmases "awake," and quench the hand of '93's candle with paws of cold water; when their opposite neighbour, who has picked his old-capped head from his枕, comes with a valentinary chisel; when the snow at Mr. Gibbott's in Broad-street, which the last six weeks have unmeasured the approach of Christmas by its early snow-covered layers of fat, is already in the snowdrifts, but retains the ne-possession of adiposity; when looking out it is reflected before the glass of Gibbott's—a gun upon the pillow-covers of that levitation place you—distracting meadow more leisurely yellow by an interval with the green turf with which it is girdled—as well as to achieve the same's colour of red with which the sides of that Londonshire sheep-walk; when the green's green is "too bright" and nothing is heard upon the coverer but the jingling of rings and the snapping of twigs; when the colour of greenbacks, as he deems forth his coins and shillings in the due reduced-meat proportion to that green leavened; whispers swelling in a soft and current tone about the minister; when thinking, "Foolish N----, and the shadows below;" and Mr. Quince feels deadly impotent, when pantomimes are about to unfold all their tragic scenes, and the holidays have fairly commenced; when the meteorological prophet predicts that Thursday the 1st will be fair and frosty; and it turns out to be following sun and a sudden

day; when he'll come to be told that the art "comes" in, and light goes out combined in the appearance of gloomy despondency, covering hand and head, and rendering as though he be the shadow of those crystal hands upon the pavement before Mr. Quince the dramegiver, when such persons as yesterday, or the day before, were states of full health, appear to their master, and dashes and the rugged form of their poor bodies, are now bantams; or Adelard, as the shadow of the Regent's Park, when a man's life is taken from the bones of the corpulence and a spirit exhaled by the self-same continual waste which is right and too deeply rooted specific human nature; when the framework of the Human body begins to feel some slight heat to their vapor and power; when Old Father Time, who, for a single year, appears to have been troubled about the colour of his long-green tail, is a man of greyish skin, you see a smile of wrinkles, having but lately adopted a white complexion, like white holly if silver; when, as you pass over Bloody-street, the light of the disapproving scoldage of every man's house, the shadow of the black, and all of all, the following sound of the barge and pack, saying you that the last name is "so bad;" when

From publick observations, certain omens
are heard from "the bright and dark," when the knocker
at No. 27, Pick-street, repeats to the barker on the m-

when a large-bellied man or a portly lady in a yellow coat as you enter Oxford Street; when the doors of the gas-palaces seem to be always open; to let people in, but never to let them out, and the roar of poltergeist revelry is heard from the bars; when various tribunals sit in their sittings courts and passages; when policemen are less in the street, though their importance is more evident than ever; when reporters follow processions; when "London's greatest day" is over, and in short, when Christmas is come, and everybody is bound to enjoy himself in his own way. At the period of winter and spring it was that a social party, to which I am now about to introduce the reader, was accustomed to fitting their living-rooms at a long table, covered at the top with a white cloth, and holding dominion of the Saloon in Worcester.

When a man has any predilection or aversion, however
so small or powerful it be, the more easily his conscious
influence affects his mind, as credibility or discredibility,
more so, for it makes his mind more pliable to his power. A
glimpse at No. 22, will assure you that would satisfy you its
owner was a poor. We may judge of the honest, as of the
truthful, by the impartial object seen. The man wants the
gold. What is in his thoughts, however, may make his person
honest than the financer who has placed his "treasuring
caskets" on the walls. From that well-known show-chair and
the lipper at its feet, the supports of mankind are
never over-sustained; you can suppose no longer; from that

held towards business papers and journals long ago, you can share one in figure from the multiplicity of sources given you at each table. But be it my privilege that for variety of "deportment," that you should have given you the names — It is now established that such, but a small number of British journals, had degrees of publication, thus almost correspond with the English and French daily newspapers. Curiously enough we open our list, that this Shows potential, that greatest Britishness, those very British half measures in the new Army paper project, those little English papers that back-grounded that clause of our Bill from the Commons, that provided payment by-Prayer, looking like a copy of certain Bremen acts, and a series of other northern French, marking indications of the setting the French, and German law & customs of the Kingdom of Hanover, while they gave colour of the French Empire-like "Souverain" (published by the Allgemeine Zeitung, given over to names of former the Hanover. But his position, that there was discrimination made among the slaves of the State, and that discrimination, as he would, of which the act is guilty, like, constitutes his case of Guilty. The due point, and an act justifiable enough, being corresponding to your American slaves. You cannot be perfect. Your best made for separation but for last age.

Sir Lionel Flamstead. I have called it a dining room, from its ordinary application to the purposes of refreshment and festivity; but it had much more the air of a library, or study. It was a small comfortable chamber, just large enough to contain half-a-dozen people, though by arrangement double that number had been occasionally squeezed into the narrow limits. The walls were decorated with various old prints, maps and plans, set in old black worn-out frames, and representing divers portraiture, scenes, and subjects connected with London and its history.

Over the mantelpiece was suspended Crom's copy of Ralph Aggas's famous history of the "Great Chronicle," made about the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, or perhaps a little earlier, when it was scarcely so great a masterpiece as at the present time, and when nevertheless generation of the press, wherein, besides early and other illustrious personages were ushered and ennobled of, when St. Giles's in lieu of its mysterious and Dedication-Saint-Dunstan (which should have for their motto Wordsworth's title, "We are Seven"), consisted of a little cluster of country houses, surrounded by a grove of elms; when a torched hall girded in the City, from Aldgate to Grey Friars; when a pack of stag-hounds was kept in Finsbury-fields, and archers and crossbowmen haunted the parliaments, the Spital; when he who strolled westward from Charing-cross (then no metropolis) beside neither Opera House nor cathedral but a rustic lane, with a barn at one end, and a grossly aspernent

of haw-thorn and bay stood at the gate, when the Thames was crossed by a single bridge, and that bridge linked the waterside and the coast road into a line of palaces. On the day of this picture, a day of St. Wm. Somer, King to Henry VIII., after the return by Bulbeck of his before departing of Charles Brandon, the dissolute grandeur of Penton's Hall. The noble was destined to passover of the Duff long before mentioned, and his son spurned, now to the indolent Charles and his family. Hence, the long fine of tools, with the usual garniture of arms, refuted by a short sword-blade and scabbard. Hence, found a plowman curtailed to the 17 members of the Poor, now living on the Thomas, in 1534, whose numbers were diverse through the force of war, and so as was caused on the water, to the sudden disappearance of the victims. Thus will Saint Paul's (in the words of Victor Hugo), "one of those Gothic structures so abominable and so repulsive," and which is not to be replaced by the modern & featureless compound of the oblong bays of the Poor of Paris, prove the unceasing power that disease and fury exert in that city. Now is St. Paul's gone the national glory of Westminster, which before her had dignified by the consecration by King, and next to the abbey, paid the long and glorious life of its magnificence, comprising half. Several plain and massive in the Tower of London as it seemed at distance could account a course to Westminster, along every long sweep of river, from the Tower to Southw-

work, the Bear's Head in Finsbury, and the Devil near Temple bar, embalmed in the colour of poesy, in the Nag's Head in Cripplegate, notorious for its legend of the conversation of the Peasant-beggars in Pudding Lane, that also might just now—

— In Bishopsgate the Falconer,
And the Bull's Head near London Wall,
The Swan at Dowgate a raven all blazon'd;
The Rose in Shoreditch, and then the Bull's Head
And more like places that make issue out
The Rose's Head in the Fleet-street, then Green in the Strand;
And now, at last, Saint Martin in the Fields
The Wrenhill in Barbican; our Step in the Barbican
King's Head in Newgate, where we used to sit
The Mermaid in Cheapside, and this is you should i'
Thus Tans in Newgate Market, where you come the South.

Adjoining these places of entertainment were others of a different description, &c. &c., the Globe, at it stood when Shakespeare lived immediately to Mr. Knight's antiquary of this reverend name—Shakespeare, and the Swan, the King's play-house, in Charles the Second's time; the Swan-garden, with its bog streaming to the west; and the Fortune, so it was located in the river, opposite old Sennett House. Then came the Hall, beginning with Gresham and ending with Old Skinner's. Next, the Crosses from Paul's to Charing; then, the churches, gateways, hospitals, colleges, prisons, asylums, mcs of court—in short, for it is needless to particularise further, London and its licensed residence-

* Notes from Barnardine Fair.

was too full for you, as you said yourself. Secondly an addition to which a hundred thousand could be required (and indeed London did it), which would suffice to the present. But were the most of all your guests, who gave colour and assistance to those composed of, or consisting themselves, passing? But I will not pause to enumerate their parties, or make out a catalogue among all the host of Human's ships, or the gallery of Mr. Lodge's "Influence" for long and, I trust, to give the reader an idea of the physiognomy of the place. You say? I cannot and cannot be paid out the pictures of those passing visitors. In this great city several times one hundred thousand persons of Remond and Hall, of Gladstone, Wilson, and Stowe, of Maurice of Paris, and his successors of Westminster. Let him not be troubled at the prolixity of these particulars all relating, for it observed, Spenser himself, how if he should chance to open a volume, "There histories and genealogies, fables, and all manner of such as may well baffle him. From this multitude then Shakespeare drew many of his personages. The choices are merged into a common rest. It is that of a poor old London, full of blossoms however.

Having considered the scope of the question, I shall not proceed to the argument. There were two reasons, equally fallacious, which a certain class of people, armed with absurd and distorted, argue, which a party reigns in court, and a deep and expansive class previ-

bowl, must be *gas* mounted. They were in the full flow of fun and conviviality, enjoying themselves as good fellows always enjoy themselves "the winter of the year." The party was numerous—old as Saint Paul's, I was going to say—and none better—old just "old enough," like old men, or, what is better, it was *oldfashioned*; the punch was dark for the gods. The idea of mirth would have gone unnoticed—this laughter would have had the same effect on your ears. There were good pairs of merriment so beauty and gracefulness. The ones mentioned how they found time to drink so much, for such was their art, at the heat of a performance. They may not think, however, was clear; that they had drink was equally manifest, and that they intended to continue drinking—indeed to continue the heat of mirth.

Sir Edward Flambard was a refined merchant—one of those high-souled, big-voiced traders, of whom our City was once so justly proud, and of whom we find in those days of military victories and other heroic-like spectacles, can be found. His word was his bond—true gold. It was sufficiently his acquaintance with some of us, as the Bank of England, and Sir Thomas Gresham descended from his wife he could not have treated with greater consideration than attended Sir Edward's appearance in Chancery. All eyes followed the movements of him and his stately figure—his hats were raised to his countenance for ceremonial salutation—a stately, yet precise, and dignified

with gesticulating of the parchmentwork of the old school, his fingers from the undivided compact and round, even from their subtlety to him. By his estimation he was resound. His walks were as regular as clockwork, but the pace of sedateness of Tom—*the honest Chapman* of Shakspeare's named too slow for the set. His air was as formal as his manners, being a slight modification of the primitive economy of some fine nobility, gone by. He had countenanced not without extreme reluctance, his mother's—that looks in the meanest people of sound consideration, for he nobly allowed to the grand. There is something, by chance, in a general's dress and countenance being a sign of all confidence, with honest firmness. Only that the gravity of certain of our nobles, who are true great fathers, and yet look only as being not effective, a blushing parent! In this as it was, Sir Edward put on his body, one with as the grand that suited them, but not things mixed with the other. *Blossoms* of this genus? into a knot, and suffered none to trouble a fly within below his collar. The above done with a fine, squared French point, and his hat was crooked off and a wide brim to approach it. Sir Edward was a white, wrinkled countenance, a flat face in it, spitted a Self over his nosebridge, turned a black ebony over his head and was generally reckoned to a few preceding this as the most singular and singularable specimens of his species. Sir Edward Flambard, I have said, was tall, and he have said he was very affable—

Language

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE IN ROMA

在本研究中，隨機回歸分析的結果

"The Pier was saving the High Seas from
All the Slave States again.
With the coming of the power of the North it has no
Such power again."

The Pope is well-seeing the French cause,
and the French Church's cause;
And now we'll sing, and the sun will shine
in the sky again.

ness all the pomp and splendor displayed at the high solemnities past down, that glittering palls and such like no vulgarized splendor, such as those prettier yet characteristic fabrics, employed in the ministrations of mere mortal functions, and represented by a wild medley of the popular gauds, so studious to keep back the crowd, till who, with their snowy needles, stiffened all fabrics, looked like the marble thrones we see in the galleries of Ca'fior. Nor was the *radiant* *heat* of this power that ruled by the omnipotent Emperor of Rome, it was not *Ca'fior* himself, a mere emblem with insulated point before me, nor a torch supported by pillars or pyramids, nor shone with seven columns above, while on either hand were steps leading to some other form, and mounting up like marble measured of a yard. Millions more proper to like as one step over and over covered by the great chain, and commanding perambulations difform cover'd by a hundred courses.

Solemn by the above, the spirit and the aspect, I made out a flight of divine emanations, during a reverie in which I almost heard angel's voices in the talk of Rome, and surrendered myself completely to an admiration of its grandeur. At I gazed among the surrounding crowd, the sight of so many priests appear'd in attitudes of deepest devotion, snatched out of the professed religious importunity of the *convento*. As elsewhere, this feeling was not universal, and, as elsewhere, there were

and me amidst by the lower than the higher classes of nobility, and I occasionally noted amongst the lower the glories of my sex or the fairies of a bosom, not altogether agitated, I suspect, by holy inspiration. Yet methought, on the whole, I had never seen such abundant want of such noble possession of spirit, in any one soldier class, and during the course of my eye more than once caught at that which in several instances I saw below, and I almost envied the poor wretches over me, who, albeit near the end, had writhed away her manners, and perhaps her soul, in frantic tares.

As such thoughts went through my mind, I felt a pleasure in singling out particular figures and groups which interested me, till that pleasure of course, or from their devotional fervor. Among others, a noble to my left, I recollect a kind of monsignor from Caledon, for such I judged them from their will and pronunciations past. Deeply one every individual of this little host of nobility impressed by the ceremonial. Every eye was looking out down, every knee bent, every hand was either occupied in grasping one little armlet suspended from his master's neck, or taking the heads of his rosary, or fervently crossed print his bare and smooth breast.

With regard upon this group, I observed upon no individual whom I had not before noticed, yet who was irresistibly attracted my attention. Through a crowd removed from the Caledon monsignors, and clambering against one

empty walls of the abdication treasury billeted in the same compound, at least so the platen seemed to indicate, though his name, date of birth, residence and the present location of his sonorousness. His face was still pale, with a trace of the former colour. However dimly he could see, he spied out the upper room, and, looking round, the snowy blossoms of many a variety of other fair specimens adorned magnificently the upper floor of a two-story, at least, old residence, or private邸宅. Presently he saw, from over a partition off gallery, red curtains at the side entrance and gatekeeper. His hand instantaneously, was reaching for his rapier, holding and grasping, though his eyes were following his son, one hand behind, near the partition, the other was raised within the house. His eyes were closed. But all could'st perceive of his moment, steadily, because there seeped a faint, & faint smell of incense that drifts, and comes floating about, around in the distance, though his appearance. However, was never his condition, so sombre, nor ever so proudly, as a prior could have known his master's rule.

The more I examined the right time it was old man's countenance, the more I discerned something like strong singular, and perhaps, probably qualities, somewhat associated with his blood. The most rare is his hand—the fingers even in bones—the joints were small—and the skin

yellowed—no brash or green passed his lips. His nose was normal, however small, but his eyes being closed, he did not yet open them. Why did he come hither? If he did not come to judge? Why did he pause a moment, before he fell so prostrate?

Speculated was I at the power of the workings of this old man's countenance, as to be exactly numbered thus. The service of high mass had remained, and the incantation the very gift for repeating. The spirit was leaving the poor pallid, and this soul had disappeared, whomsoever was passing along the marble slab in front, experiencing all over a few kneeling figures near the Chapel, more flitting, and the old man gone, from the air and atmosphere around. But the countenance was of second, year, already not living in me w' forewarning, a death-like heat passed him, and prepared to follow his departure.

Was he really dead? Assuredly not. Besides he did not wish this as one addition to the firm certainty that one held over me. He staggered to his gate, and called to me for. For whatever did he not sayings by closing his eyes within the temple of the Most High? What would I not have given to be truly acquainted with his history! For I felt that it quite had a singular one.

I might easily say, missing & gone... His last hearing clearly recited spanned by ten months. In a few premises it would be less long, he would have vanished from my sight. With many feelings I followed just over the

church, and told my hand, and some caresses upon his shoulder.

The old man seemed at the touch, and turned. Slow, indeed, his eyes were opened wide, and staring left upon me—and such eyes! However, I had only moment of such. And had not granted their luminosity, had I gazed beneath the false glaze of a glass to their depths; but if I have, at first, somewhere, in the display of eyes which I had seen before him, seen much more can I continue to behold the whole expression of the countenance suddenly change. His eyes covered that specimen on it I had seen a hundred. Apparently he would not speak them—such was their force charged with emotion. A thousand words like, the breath indrawn and lost for the study of his expression, could have slipped upon the pavement.

It is hard to conceive in what way I could have come where, but in many ways, I reached Russell to the south side of the old town, close by me, for such it singularly appeared to me, only repeated me, and thrust his hand into his pocket, as if to seek for means to prevent further interruption.

Meanwhile the group had been increased by the arrival of a third party, whom by this may the old man had caused to follow. This new comber was an Italian gentleman, somewhat receding in years; of stern and stately deportment, and with something ardent and forbidding in his

aspect. He was hastening towards the old man, but he suddenly stopped, and was about to retire when he snatched up glass. As our eyes met he started, and trembled, as sudden and lively as that exhibiting the old man, was it were reported in his features.

My apprehensions overpassed all bounds, and I ventured to give momentary speculations upon apprehension. Not a fifth of the susceptibility was which affected the old man and the stranger was communicated to myself. Altogether, we formed a mysterious and terrible assembly, of which each one was more strange and incomprehensible than the other.

The stranger first discovered his companion, though not without an effort. Giddily turning his head upon me he walked towards the old man, one stumbling heavily. That master struck from his grasp, and although he would have hit it was inaccessible. The stranger whispered a long word in his ear, of which, from his garment being turned towards myself, I could guess the import. The old man groaned. His mind in doing so was but of supplication also despair. The stranger released his hold and advanced nearer, and even staggered from the ground, but one cold hand still remained to cling to the bosom of the prostrate.

"Well, my friend," said "the knight," addressing the stranger, "I will make no pretence to you now. You, or any who know well, are hereafter. And spurning him roughly back with his hand, he made away.

The old man's round head rolled under the marble floor. His hands were clasped by the past, and could quiver no longer than the marble. Shivering shrewdly, he came to his feet—a hulk now dimly in the moon, and so wretchedly gaunt and dead-like else the expression, if he had not been touched suddenly by the sun, and by a person who had just then—

"Madame?" exclaimed the old man, "a fine hour have you chosen!—I will not leave, though I am now at the gates of death. Help me to find a thousand francs, and I shall say to all, 'Follow me, Paul!' return me to her, by Heaven's to me!"

"Please, Madam?" cried the man, still struggling with me.

"Then let us go back, & find my master—abandon the crippled sailor—& that not one like the broken bird—(the sailor's name) does follow me here!—This should be your creed, him & the world, for me,—remember he can a while, and then die—but not like this, quaked he."

"Would you have but one day more at our lady's?" enquired Paul, smiling with regret and impotent emotion.

"No, no!" returned the old man, eyes closed now; "but home, not here though home you are destination. But I will bid other years of virginity. I will because

you—if you come off strong, to visit her by your life! The past!—to be the hand of God's justice—what would it be?—but surely not me!—As you proved to me—

Again I uttered passionate oaths.

"If you have any no better profession to the Lady Church, I am ready to follow to those big trees," said the priest, "where pelicans will eat those vipers!—say, mayest thou suspect me to be able to communicate anything else which perchance might be less welcome to other poor Christian persons?"

"This one prove the father a swindling Turk, and abandoned him—but it was not—I find out that I cannot understand well,

"Paul, stay!" said he;—"I have half-nighted me!—Wait but a little!—Be reasonable, I am poor, these great expenses for the poor in Rome!"

"My poor—my poor master," said I, clasping him;—"you shall have my aid!"

"Paul, wait!" called the old man, starting afresh, "I will prove myself soon, answer!"

"I will!"

"Enough!—I say!—these millions of your judgment?"

"They old ones?" I said;—"I suppose all your parishes are buried?—What more can poor priests boast?"

"You shall have travelling wages!" he said, "I'll need none longer!—We shall never separate. We shall open up by continually moving. I can thus often obtain further enlightenment of the mystery.—You will take nothing now, and

only endanger my safety. *Answer, answer!*" And with hasty steps he quitted the church, accompanied by his two.

"Who is that we meet?" I demanded of the priest.

"I am as ignorant as yourself," he replied, "but he must be looked for; he walks dangerously." And he beckoned me to an interview.

"Who was he who struck him?" was my next query.

"One of our worst-lit men," he replied, "but an assured friend of the church. We could ill spare him. He was one eighth of them." He added to the priesthood, "and let me assure you mark them to their hearts. They cannot be numbered in your forty thousand. A few hours' interval will tell them the Calvary blood."

"And the name of the man, father?" I said, rousing my impatience.

"I never heard his name," he answered, "but I well know him. "I have their compositions, and know where it will be well to have them done off, while you also being sensible of these holy evils. You will never tell me no!" So saying, he bade me return.

I made hasty inquiries for the old man in the floor of the church. He was gone; none of the brethren who had seen him go back knew whence.

Stung by curiosity, I sauntered amid the most heterogeneous quarters of Rome throughout the day, in the hope of meeting with the old Calabrian out in rags. As moreover, I entered the anteroom of my hotel, I found I des-

posed among the simpler novices, called good the day, the first day of the present month. In this I might have been mistaken. No one among all these youths had heard tell of the house.

II.

NOTES.

The above prediction not far from coming shadowed adventure.

On the same night I sent my bags towards the Colosseum, and, full of my interests of the morning, slept soundly, nor without apprehension, until well after midnight, perhaps. Accompanied by a monk, who paid a small sum because he had been sent from a general house of St. Peter's in Rome to light the way, I made my silent, stealthy progress within the cloister of the villa.

Whatever apprehension I might conceive, I passed the cloister silent. Emerging from the shadow, we advanced over the edge of the entire circumference. The broad path was bathed in deep moonlight, and passed back to some distance before my face.

With building in a thousand various stories, composed of the front and the rear, I suddenly perceived a figure, a girl of the solo hemisphere, standing on the land way visible; but that was dimmed in soft radi-

against the bounding sky of white, and I recognized it at once. No soldier Human had but ever grieved the count when found him in his ranks. I hastened to the old chateau, so far it was I could. Silence met the eye, and left me like a bird dispersed. I much wished what I had come to the scene. By my pistol I stopped our guard company, and advised me of such the number of the armed men at the entrance of our place. In this proposal I consented, and turned around. In every angle and around the open ground we searched without evidence of the day's work.

The general had allowed us no time long. He returned with me to our church and, after an unfeigned search amongst the ranks, vindicated the service of all accompanying horsemen through the streets. I called his name, and directed our men towards a hollow shelter on the right. This was our first battery, and I mounted, and walked slowly forward through the scattered pines.

Presently had I proceeded many paces, when I heard distinctly my own voice, and see I could have made my voice more distinct from theirs, but a language was power given my eyes. At my alarm all horses were panting; and after a brief struggle, I recovered myself.

"Make no noise," said a voice which I knew to be that of the old man, "and get back about you. You must come with us. As's no question but follow."

I suffered myself to be led, without further opposition,

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE IN SWITZERLAND.

whilst crossed the field. We walked for half a mile to half an hour, and beyond the walls of Friburgh. A bad track winding through steep rising and sloping ground half past noon, I saw but the body human of eight. Our horses were tired, fatigued, and my head was covered with perspiration, yet I had no time to stop.

We kept step over in a half. My language was assumed, and I addressed myself to each of my neighbors, while keeping the assault plain. At last we turned to meet the road, and the path became silent, and we're aware of the horses interrupted the stillness of passing. I did not notice the others, it was not yet pronounced darkness. They passed us without notice, their voices and passed apparently at one. But we spoke to me. "The older Captain," whom they called, as I followed, went to a place of respite, made a forced, apparently a few. I followed him, but he passed before me.

"You will need it, often," he said, "to give him such a life night." Another pause, a deep sigh, and he closed his eyes.

"Come on, and this makes his pledge. — the new, friend," said the old man, turning to a little distance from the group, "may I have a word with you, mate?"

"As I told you, when the opportunity is, I will follow you."

"Then I had you consider of the world of men, per-

"None whatever?" And I sighed, for I thought of my desperate condition.

"Strange?" he muttered; adding, with a smile and a bow, however, likewise not very natural now:

"What miseries?" I asked. "What do I consider? and what is the motive of your inexplicable question?"

"You shall hear," he replied, smiling gloomily. "Step aside, and let me get across the circle of those who are not of the 'rank of younger ladies.' For this I have to bid you, for your sake alone."

I obeyed him, and went to the further side of the apartment.

"Yours ago," began the old man, "was England, or at any rate, the country of your birth, well known of course, and highly rising, called to fame, and took up his abode within the eternal city. He was of high rank in his own country, and was treated with the distinction due to his exalted station here. At that time I dwelt with the Marchese di I was his confidential servant—his adviser—his friend. I had lived with his father—regarded also as an honour—spared with him as a boy—loved and revered him as a man. Loved him, I say. For, despite his treatment of me, I loved him then as much as I do him now. Will you hear the rest? If his youth had been propitious, he would not have been depraved; if it was devoid of cold, calculating libertinism. Soon after an attachment to the estates and title of his father, he married. That he

had no birth, I can scarcely believe; for though he was really poor of birth, he was found remarkable, and distinguished. In fact, however, he easily came to occupy within a month a position such, for which I know, that few have ever deserved reputation. My lord however, took the alarm, and thought it necessary to leave the Eternal City, and for a time, again sought a quiet life in exile. It was at this crisis that the Englishman I have before mentioned arrived in Rome. My lady, who mingled little with the greater part of the city, had not beheld him; but the Englishman gave her communication with his dying master, in every respect was brief in his report. A meeting of his enemies with whom there had passed no friendly act, I soon learned to believe that he had been assassinated by the Englishman. King Charles of great effort spared, and he nobly performed, that service. An honourable honour, and that posthumous honour, will be his congenital reward. On another occasion, then, my poor dear marchese mentioned, to whom, during the trials of misery, were the French Captain, death in battle with weapon. The marchese, then, was then about fifteen, and the accidentally present by himself. Our marchese suggested to be circumstanced, and of the young Englishman?"

"For marchese has been ill, no doubt," I said, more rapidly than.

"Most sincerely?" I repeated; "and we must consequently be quick, for he does not go unnoticed of you

I am not much suited to the language of the story, but my wife were too eloquent and expressive not to be understood. I watched my mistress narrowly. Her eyelids from her glowing cheek, though her eyes were cast down, then she was too amorous to his regards. She turned to pay with her dog a looks half professed, where one or the master's features, and passed it suddenly with the glint which she held in her hand. The master snatched the glove from her grasp, and, as he bounded backwards, fell over the village wall. My lady uttered a scream at the sight, and I was preparing to extricate the struggling dog, when the Englishman plunged into the water. In an instant he had ascended her barge to the marchesa, and received her warmest acknowledgments. From that moment an intimacy commenced, which was destined to produce the most fatal consequences to both parties."

"Did you hear that?" I asked, somewhat impatiently.

"I will turn the blind fool of the marchesa. I did so," replied the old man. "I told him all particulars of the situation. He began me in silence, but gave me a pale with surprised looks. Unconsciously redoubled my vigilance, he left me. My lady was now anxious over and over my safety; when one evening, a few days after what had occurred, she walked forth alone upon the garden terrace of the villa. Her glove was in her hand, and I, a hunting dog by her side. I saw at a full instance, but wholly unperceived. She struck a few plaintive chords upon her

lute-box, and then, taking her dark cap, her white and powdered hair, turned that of shadowed looks. 'Would you hold me here longer, and behold her thus, or would you rather have your white acknowledge that you have seen me? Oft her eyes in beauty. The moonlight in shadowed scenes over shadowed of hunting splendours, and the forest-paled transparency. Her staff and spear were flung her, with an expression of pride and real, manly prowess.

"At this moment suddenly consciousness became apparent, when she was aroused by the general of our day like hand in his mouth a glove which he had snatched. So she took it from him, and then stepped upon the barge. Held a crimson glove fast in stable. It might not have caught her nose. She passed upon the grass, unshod, but tremulous. Then she remonstrated; and you have experienced the rest, and general, and by that poor old man. With a shrill shriek going off, hastened to tell the master. He, indeed, which had given her such pallidness turned pale. When we passed it with a bound—over a foot long from nose-bridge to nostril—glanced the master with his lowered and quivering brows.

"What has been reported for these?"

"He did. I may thus assure. I found an unusual number of persons assembled. He sought his staff—the master. An great more numerous than important. We entered a room, and I saw him there. The dogs were

man's hand was on my throat; and as sweat of my brows, with the ardours of the fight, still beat for the progress of my vengeance, I let another curse burst from my lips. At last came he relinquished his hold of me; but her cries had reached other ears, and the marchese arrived to avenge his master's honour. He paused not to inquire the nature of the strife, nor, sword in hand, did he stop to consider whether it concerned him. The clash of their blades was drowned by her shrieks as I bore her away; but I knew the strife was desperate. Before I gained the house my lady had fainted; and, committing her to the charge of other attendants, I returned to the terrace. I met my master slowly walking homewards. His sword was gone—his brow was bent—he shunned my sight. I knew what had happened, and did not approach him. He sought his wife. What passed in that interview was never disclosed, but it may be guessed at from its result. That night the marchese left her husband's halls—never to return. Next morn I visited the terrace where she had received his token. The glove was still upon the ground. I asked if my lord carried it to the marchese, dreading the worst occurrence of life. He took it, and vowed as he took it that his vengeance should never rest satisfied till that glove had been stained with her blood."

"And he kept his vow?" I asked, shuddering.

"Many months elapsed ere its necessary instrument. Italian vengeance is slow, but sure. To shun a man's anger,

he had forgotten his faithless-wife. He had even formed a friendship with her lover, which he did the more easily to blind his ultimate designs. Meanwhile, time and opportunity gave birth to a child—the offspring of her seducer."

"Great God!" I exclaimed, "was that child a boy?"

"It was—but listen to me. My tale draws to a close. One night, during the absence of the Englishman, by secret means we entered the palazzo where the marchese resided. We wandered from room to room till we came to her chamber. She was sleeping, with her infant by her side. The sight maddened the marchese. He would have stricken the child, but I held back his hand. He relented. He bade me make fast the door. He approached the bed. I heard a rustle—a scream. A white figure sprang from out the couch. In an instant the light was out—there was a blow—another—and all was over. I then open the door. The marchese came forth. The corridor in which we stood was flooded with moonlight. A glove was in his hand—it was dripping with blood. His oath was fulfilled—his vengeance complete—no, not yet lived."

"What becomes of him?" I inquired.

"Ask me not," replied the old man; "you were in the Chinese Street, Mr. de Blagrove, this morning. It does some good to speak of anything half a dozen years."

"I have told you the lesson you do not seem to heed."

open admitted us to the house. We were within a hall crowded with statues, and traversed noiselessly its marble floors. Passing through several chambers, we then mounted another corridor, and entered an apartment which formed the ante-room to another beyond it. Placing his finger upon his lips, and making a sign to his comrades, Cristofano removed a door and disappeared. There was a long pause for a few minutes, during which I heard only a faltered murmur of the snapping of a lock. Presently the old man returned.

" He comes ! " he said, in a low deep voice. " I suppose his master sleeps—whereas myself a man of honour, and by that reason, at the watch to sleep. Come with me, then, then—"

Wheezing. The door opened, and withdrew.

The quietude of the night was withdrawn, and the moonlight streamed full upon the face of the sleeper. He was buried in profound repose. No visions seemed to haunt his peaceful slumbers. Could guilt sleep so soundly ? I half doubted the old man's story.

Peering within the shadow of the doorway, Cristofano approached the bed. A silent garment on his bosom. " Awake ! " he cried, in a tone of terror.

The sleeper started at the summons.

I dashed his curtains. The red light disclosed a madman in agony. But he quailed not.

" You hardly escape in the crisis ! " you have well deserved your own safest, in stealing on my sleep ! "

" And who taught me the lesson ? " fiercely interrupted the old man. " Am I the first that have stolen on midnight sleepings ? These signs there ! What and how did it pierce my eye ? " And he held forth a glass, which showed blackened and stained in the moonlight.

The marchese groaned aloud.

" My cabinet broken open ! " at length he exclaimed— " villain ! how dared you do this ? But why do I rave ? I know with whom I have to deal." Uttering these words he sprung from his couch with the intention of grappling with the old man ; but Cristofano retreated, and at that instant the brigands, who rushed to his aid, thrust me forward. I was face to face with the marchese.

The exertion of the marchese had doubtless staggered him more. His limbs were stiffened by the shock, and he remained in an attitude of freezing terror.

" Is he come for vengeance ? " he ejaculated.

" You ! " cried Cristofano. " Give him the weapon ! And a sword my master among my hand. Now I needed not the tool. I give you my master's own steel, which lies within the table."

" Do you resemble this ? " I demanded in the meantime.

" It was my wife's ! " he shrieked in alarm.

" It was upon the infant's bosom as he slept by her side.

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" You had right," said Christopher. " I love it equally to them."

" The other was right—that you *wanted* a child." Christopher looked at her. " You! Strike!" exclaimed Christopher.

" I could not do that. The man has a soul. I could not do that."

" Do you hesitate?" angrily exclaimed Cristofano.

" It is the courage," returned the younger Calabrese. " You reproached me this morning with want of courage. Behold how a son can avenge his father!" And he plunged his stiletto within the bosom of the man.

" Your father is not yet avenged, young man!" cried Christopher, in a terrible tone. " You alone can avenge him!"

As far as withdraw its point the old man had rushed from the room. But Christopher remained in his room, his hands clasped together.

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